THE LIVING AGE

FOUNDED 1844 BY E. LITTELL

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1925

Going to the Dogs

BY

DEAN INGE

A Spaniard on Spengler

Nanny the Nurse

BY

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

War Talk in the Pacific

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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STUDY SUGGESTIONS FOR THE CLASS-ROOM

October 17, 1925

A SPANIARD'S EXPOSITION OF SPENGLER. What, according to Ramiro de Maetzu, are the two central thoughts of Oswald Spengler's book? By what methods does Spengler believe he can determine the age of a civilization? How does he account for the fall of Ancient Rome? To what activities does he think our own epoch should devote itself? Give some of the objections that de Maetzu raises to these theories.

DO CIVILIZATIONS DIE? Where do you find Dean Inge differing with Oswald Spengler? Name some of the dangers that the Dean fears are threatening us now. Do you feel that they apply to this country as well as to England? On what consideration can the British 'justly allay pessimism about the future?'

A PEACE PROTEST FROM TOKYO. What is the subject of Hector C. Bywater's new book, *The Great Pacific War?* Why does the Japanese Editor believe that the prophecies of Mr. Bywater are unlikely to be fulfilled? What are the provisions of the present Security Pact in Europe? Why does Mr. Garvin of the *Observer* believe that the Pact is only a temporary makeshift? What leads the Japanese Editor to conclude that there is more chance of war in Europe than in the Far East?

AMERICA, LET'S REASON TOGETHER. What are the chief causes of anti-American feeling in Japan? What two measures does Mr. Tagawa suggest in order to increase Japanese friendliness for America? In what respects does he find our foreign policy inconsistent? Where does he find Japan guilty of misunderstanding our point of view?

The purpose of these suggestions is not only to assist the teachers in adapting the *Living Age* to the classroom, they are also intended to show our more casual readers how readily the magazine lends itself to a systematic study of the world we live in.

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(Seal) ELBERT B. DUNCAN, *Notary Public.*

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THE LIVING AGE

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NEXT WEEK

IN THE REALM OF CHANG TSO-LIN

By G. Huldschiner

Who owns Manchuria — Russia, China, or Japan? The present ruler is Chang Tso-lin, Military Governor of the three northern provinces of China. Actually he is the cat's-paw of the South Manchurian Railway, which in turn is controlled by the Japanese Government. Mr. Huldschiner is a German engineer who lives in Manchuria, and he gives us an inside view of the conflict now in progress between Bolshevik and Capitalist, white man and yellow, native and foreigner.

MONZA, MONZA, RAH! RAH! RAH!

By an Exuberant Italian

Here is a bubbling description of Italy's victory over the United States on the automobile race-track at Milan. It is written, as all good sporting-accounts should be, by a violent partisan, whose enthusiasm leads him to conclude that 'the repetition of such triumphs is tantamount to a reaffirmation of political superiority.'

KIDDING THE YANKS

By Two Europeans

On those rare occasions when Europe can think of us in other aspects than that of creditors, we are the source of infinite amusement. Abel Hermant writes the kind of letter that he imagines a young citizen of Dayton would send from the Paris boulevards to his girl back home. Ann Tizia Leitich, a Viennese flapper, describes Mr. George F. Babbitt in the French capital.

STAGECOACHING IN BRAZIL

By Colin Ross

The author is a seasoned globe-trotter and an accomplished writer. Here he takes us through one of the few frontier-districts still unconquered by civilization.

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THE LIVING AGE

VOL. 327 — *OCTOBER 17, 1925* — NO. 4241

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SAKLATVALA, M.P.

MR. SHAPURJI SAKLATVALA had acquired some prominence in Great Britain, aside from his obscure eminence as an Indian Member of Parliament, before he became a day's international character by virtue of the publicity given him by our State Department. The London *Morning Post* had already started a campaign against his inclusion in the Interparliamentary Union delegation to Washington; and twitted him with denying his Communist and revolutionary professions when he signed the declaration demanded by our immigration authorities for admission to this country.

Mr. Saklatvala is a Parsi of Bombay, about fifty years old, and a registered member of the British Communist Party. Like several other Asiatic or semi-Asiatic Radicals in Great Britain, he comes from the capitalist circles of his native land, and until the middle of last September was a departmental manager in the great Indian firm of Tata, Limited.

Although the British public doubtless would have preferred that Mr. Shapurji Saklatvala had never appeared as a member of the delegation in question, several English papers disapproved the action of our State Department. The Liberal *Westminster Gazette* said:—

It is impossible to think that the United States Government has acted wisely or with dignity in revoking the passport visé granted to Mr. Saklatvala. In doing so they have simply exaggerated the importance of one to whom very little attention has been paid until the question of this visit to America rose above the horizon to disturb the peace of a handful of Die-hards and to give an opportunity to two nations to make themselves ridiculous in the silly season. But America has also shown a strange discourtesy. The question of Mr. Saklatvala's visit has been discussed at such nauseating length that no one can imagine the United States has been taken unawares; and yet no action was taken until two days before he was about to leave. After all, Mr. Saklatvala is a member of the British Parliament, and surely it is an extreme and antiliberal step to treat him in this way. America has before this digested a good many incendiaries and made use of their cheap labor; and if some people have lost their heads about this bogy of Bolshevism, surely it is a little extraordinary that they should insist on an insurance at our expense. There is, more-

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over, another point at issue. The gentlemen who are visiting America for the Interparliamentary Conference are not, of course, strictly a delegation. But Mr. Kellogg's action in picking and choosing whom he will have tends to make it one, and creates a very unhappy precedent for these meetings. No one in this country is very much concerned with Mr. Saklatvala, who, until the other day, appears to have reconciled his revolutionary principles with an important position in a firm which has no special liking for expensive labor, to say the least. But it is surely giving him a wholly gratuitous publicity to ban him, to quote Mr. Kellogg, like 'the humblest immigrant.' He has not been treated in that way, and he is not 'the humblest immigrant.' All that Mr. Kellogg has done is to add an unpleasant appendix to an extremely foolish comedy.

The London *Times*, in a more noncommittal leader, thought it doubtful if Mr. Kellogg was well advised in drawing attention to Mr. Saklatvala's recent speeches, and characterized that gentleman as something of a parlor Bolshevist. Another point in Mr. Kellogg's defense of his action also deserves correction, in the opinion of this journal. 'He speaks of Mr. Saklatvala and the agitators of his type as supporters of anarchy'; but 'so far from being the champion of no rule at all, the Communist of to-day is the unabashed defender of that Eastern despotism of which the Statue of Liberty at the gates of the New World is an embodied defiance.' But if the *Times* has any misgivings as to America's ground for excluding the temperamental M.P. for North Battersea, it reconciles itself to the result with this reflection: 'Meanwhile he has had his advertisement. The scruples of the members of the British group who declined to visit the United States and Canada in his company need trouble them no more, and many of them will doubtless feel that the action of the State Department has probably saved them from the duty of blushing and apologizing for his unrepresentative extravagances.'

Naturally the Labor press was indignant. The London *Daily Herald* characterized the incident as 'a fitting pendant to the Monkeyville trial,' while the *Morning Post* derived acidulous gratification from the following reflection: 'The American Secretary of State has in effect indicted this country, when he proclaims a man who has been admitted to our Parliament unfit for admission to the United States. We cannot resent such a rebuke; we should rather profit by it and take warning while there is yet time of a danger which grows by neglect.' The Conservative *Saturday Review* shared this opinion. It also declared 'the principle which guided Mr. Kellogg . . . perfectly sound. No lesser revolutionary agitator would be admitted; then why one who has the miraculous letters M.P. after his name? . . . We are glad that a grand chance for self-advertisement and misrepresentation of the Empire has been denied to Mr. Saklatvala.' The *New Statesman*, however, anticipated precisely the opposite effect from his exclusion: —

Communists in this country practically owe their existence to the uproar that is made about them in the anti-Bolshevist press. Small in numbers and poor in ideas, they can always count on appearing on several million breakfast-tables as an army corps of artful and desperate devils. They have just had another first-class advertisement in the hue and cry against Mr. Saklatvala. Mr. Saklatvala is a gentleman given to perfervid oratory, which, if it does not always fill the House of Commons, frequently keeps it in session, we believe, in the small hours of the morning. But Mr. Saklatvala is also a member of the Interparliamentary Union, and wants to go with it to America. Certain Conservative M.P.'s thereupon refuse to accompany a man who has attacked the Empire and the Flag, and

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the Rothermere press lashes the suburbs into a fury against the Reds. Finally the American Secretary of State crowns the hero and martyr by canceling his passport visé for the U. S. A. And so the Reds get another tonic and Mr. Saklatvala is incited to say still ruder things about Stars and Stripes as well as Union Jacks.

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GENEVA AND SECURITY

LAST month's sessions of the League met in an atmosphere appropriately described by Premier Painlevé when he said in his opening address before the Assembly: 'The hours of enthusiasm are followed by less stirring but equally useful hours of adaptation and adjustment to reality.' *L'Europe Nouvelle* believed the Protocol the chief issue before the delegates. 'M. Painlevé pointed out that there are two ways of reviving it — by proceeding from the general to the particular, or, as the Anglo-Saxons prefer, from the particular to the general.' France and Great Britain, in other words, may apply the principles of the Protocol to a particular accord between themselves and Germany around which may cluster other pacts with other States, inspired by the same spirit and recognizing the same principles. This is the attitude of *Le Temps*, which, in discussing Mr. Chamberlain's advocacy of special pacts between nations under League supervision instead of a general Protocol, said: 'It is perhaps rash to affirm that this will be the best solution from a general point of view, but it is without doubt the best solution from a strictly English standpoint, since Great Britain is unwilling to undertake more than is necessary to safeguard her own interests, and since, believing herself safe behind her wall of water, she sees no immediate threat to her security,' but it insisted with Paul-Boncour, who delivered an eloquent address before the Assembly the following day, that 'the spirit that presided over the elaboration of the Protocol is still as much alive as ever, for the very principles upon which that document was established are being embodied in the regional pacts proposed, and are at the present the object of active negotiations. The Protocol, even if not ratified, even if abandoned, has marked a great moral step forward, for it has made actual the idea of organized peace.'

Finally, the London *Economist* concludes a summary of the movement toward international arbitration now making visible headway in all parts of the world with the same thought in a different form: —

> The need for security is still acute. Individually, nations are seeking to protect themselves by direct agreements of different types. There are, as M. Painlevé pointed out, treaties like those on which the Little Entente is based, linking States which, as beneficiaries by the war, have common interests. There is the very different, and in some ways more hopeful, type projected between Britain, France, Germany, and other Powers for the security of States ranking among the vanquished as well as among the victors. Simultaneously, there are being negotiated numerous treaties of arbitration between States which apprehend no immediate danger but which desire to banish the prospect of war from their horizon. Here, again, there are two fairly definite classes of arbitration treaty, one of which, like the Geneva Protocol, purports to provide for the peaceful settlement of all disputes arising; the other, like the Covenant, leaving the door still half-open for war in non-legal cases. Some countries — Sweden, for example — have contracted treaties of both types. What that means is that there is going forward in Europe a process highly beneficial, with which the League can never lightly interfere, but from whose results, on the other hand, the League should not be divorced. The partial agreements are well enough as stepping-stones. They may be all that is possible at the present moment. But sooner or later they must be coördinated and universalized, and linked up permanently with Geneva.

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THE KU KLUX KLAN IN GERMANY

GERMAN and Austrian papers made a three days' sensation of the discovery of a budding Ku Klux Klan organization in Berlin. The promoters, as already reported in our daily press, were three 'Americans,' of whom two, a father and son by the name of Strohschein, were evidently of German birth or extraction, and bore the title of Reverend. The third had the one-hundred-per-cent American name of Gray. The Berlin lodge of the order was said to have between three hundred and fifty and four hundred members, mostly merchants, mechanics, clerks, and laborers. They wore the typical Klan costume at their ceremonials and were presumably organized along the lines of the American body. Naturally the names of the various degrees or classes of the order and of its officials were German, and when discovered control was in the hands of a German Fascist *Wotan*. Since its organization last January the three Americans had been ejected — or at least had lost their authority in the German body — on account of their efforts to make it part of the American society; but it was financed, at least originally, with American money. Apparently the promoters used Henry Ford's name, presumably thinking that the prospect of being associated with a wealthy patron would lure many into the organization. Most German papers ridiculed the enterprise as silly rather than dangerous; and it was illegal under the law prohibiting secret political societies. Vienna *Neue Freie Presse* said: 'Germany is full of such groups of ill-balanced and romantic youths. All these "werewolf" and other unions, with their nocturnal drills, their little secret hoards of arms, their aping of military methods, inevitably exhibit phases of more or less criminal folly from time to time. The "German Order of the Fiery Cross" is the most recent symptom of this disease. But Germany's convalescence has proceeded too far. This reactionary Ku Klux Klan came three years too late.'

*

THE BRITISH COAL COMMISSION

THE British Government has at length appointed the Royal Commission to investigate the coal industry provided for in the last agreement between the Cabinet and the miners. Its chairman is Sir Herbert Samuel, recently High Commissioner for Palestine. The other members are Mr. Kenneth Lee, a large textile-manufacturer with some experience on government trade-bodies; Sir Herbert Alexander Lawrence, a banker; and Sir William Beveridge, a well-known economist who has been Director of the London School of Economics for several years. Among the technical advisers are several geologists and scientific men and a former president of the South Wales Miners Federation. Radicals have found some fault with the personnel of the Commission on the ground that it is composed entirely of men of capitalist affiliations. But British capitalists hold strangely heterodox opinions nowadays. Lord Milner, a Nationalist, a strong Imperialist, and a staunch upholder of the old régime, has left among his papers the suggestion that the country might well experiment with the nationalization of coal-mining 'in a single coal-field, sufficiently large to give it a chance of success.' There is no predicting, therefore, what recommendations may come out of even a committee composed of bankers, manufacturers, and conservative economists. Surely this is a changing world — if not in complacent America, at least in care-ridden Transatlantica.

The proceedings of the British

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Trade-Union Congress, to which we referred two weeks ago, have not been taken very tragically in Great Britain, despite the trend to the Left they manifested; indeed, they have been welcomed in some quarters as clearing the air to an appreciable extent. Nor have the Communists made headway in the political wing of the movement, as the recent action of the Labor Party shows. The London *Outlook*, which is far from Labor-Radical in its sympathies, observes: 'Open-air missionaries of the Independent-Labor Party are now frankly admitting that there is no fundamental difference between Socialism and Communism; the only distinction, they say, is a discrepancy in tactics. The Communist wants to use force immediately to abolish private property; while the Socialist defers the application of force until he fails to attain this object by argument. In fine, the Communist is a Socialist in a hurry; the Socialist is a Communist in a saunter.'

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PAX PAN-AMERICANA

SEÑOR MARIANO H. CORNEJO, Minister of Peru at Paris, has published an interesting article in *Revue de Paris* commending the influence of the Washington Government in preserving peace among its South American neighbors. He mentions several cases where that influence has prevented armed conflicts, as in 1910 between Peru and Ecuador. The result is that Latin America finds herself in a paradoxical situation. Civil wars are possible, as the revolution in Mexico and the recent disturbances in Brazil and Paraguay show, but international conflicts in the Western Hemisphere are apparently a thing of the past. Arbitration has been enforced, either on the independent initiative of the parties to the dispute or through Washington's pressure, between Brazil and Argentina, between Colombia and Venezuela, and between Peru and Bolivia. The most aggravated of these war-threatening issues, the long-standing controversy between Peru and Chile over Tacna-Arica, is now in way of peaceful, if not perfectly amicable, settlement.

This peace era 'has not been brought about by the utopian ideology of humanitarian apostles, nor imposed by the physical force of the United States. Peace throughout the American Continent is entirely the result of the growth of a sentiment of international and moral solidarity fostered by Uncle Sam. Our American republics have gradually become accustomed to resort to conciliation and arbitration.' The author attributes no small part of this good work to the Pan-American congresses and to the labors of the Bureau of American Republics at Washington. But this progress toward international sanity means a larger promise of peace, which is not confined to the Western Hemisphere. 'The community of interest that exists among all the nations of the world makes it impossible for international peace to be limited to America alone. When the European war failed to cross the Atlantic it meant that eventually American peace would come to Europe.'

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MINOR NOTES

Frankfurter Zeitung recently published an interesting comparison of the dividend payments of 186 prominent German corporations, including banks, railways, mining, shipping, and insurance companies, public-utility corporations, and manufacturers of textiles, paper, motor-cars, leather, and other staple articles, before and since the war. The totals reveal the fact that the amount paid out in dividends in

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1924 was less than one half of the sum so expended in 1913, and that the amount of share capital had shrunk during these ten years to about seventy per cent of its original value. Stated in percentages, the average rate of dividends had fallen from 9.5 to 6.1 per cent. Electricity and gas works came off best and mortgage banks the worst, and large companies had fared better than small ones.

Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung announces a new steel, 'not a steel alloy or an electro steel, but a new kind of carbon steel,' that has been discovered by a Swiss metallist named Bosshart, residing in Berlin. Turned round rods tested at the Government Bureau of Standards at Lichtervelde 'astounded' the experts in charge by showing a tension limit of 44.1, a fracture limit of 53.3, and an elongation of 27.2. The journal cited says that the new metal's 'immense importance is best indicated to the layman when we say that the new material will make it possible to save forty per cent in weight in structural work without sacrificing strength and solidity, and that in certain applications of steel, for instance the manufacture of steel railway-cars, there will be a saving of about thirty per cent in cost of materials.' This is assuming that the price of the new steel will be about ten per cent higher than that of ordinary steel. The metal has several other advantages, especially in foundry work, where it runs so smoothly that perfect plates only four millimetres thick can be cast. The chemical analysis shows a carbon content of 0.03, with only traces of sulphur, phosphorus, and hydrogen.

BRITAIN'S ROYAL TRAVELER

As Argentina Saw Him
— *Caras y Caretas*, Buenos Aires

THOSE THE GENERAL FORGOT TO MENTION

'Decent of the Druses. You know how they took forty prisoners — that was official. Well, they have sent us back sixty-five.' — *Canard Enchaîné*, Paris

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A SPANIARD'S EXPOSITION OF SPENGLER[1]

BY RAMIRO DE MAEZTU

[APROPOS of the forthcoming appearance of an English edition, we venture to add this summary of Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes*, which was published on the occasion of the appearance of a Spanish version of the work, to the reviews already printed in our issues of July 31, 1921, September 16, 1922, and July 7, 1923. The complete article, of which only the expository sections are printed, is a report of an address delivered by a distinguished Spanish scholar and critic at Seville on the seventh of last November. We couple it with Dean Inge's interesting presentation of a contrary opinion.]

I DO not regret having been pro-Ally. I should be so every time. The fact that Germany has produced a score of great minds superior to those of any other nation is no reason why I should tolerate the kicks of a Prussian drill-sergeant. But when, at the close of the war, I reached Bonn with the English troops, as correspondent for *La Prensa*, my first errand was to visit one of the bookshops in front of the University. That was in December, 1918, and for fifty-two months my intellectual relations with Germany had been interrupted. I began to peruse the German publications on sale with a feeling that must have been akin to that experienced by the archæologists of Luxor when they beheld the treasures that had lain for three thousand years around the mummy of Tutankhamen. Here before my eyes was a whole world resurrected from oblivion — the familiar and beloved world of the German universities.

I wore, like other correspondents, the English uniform; but a few minutes later I took off my officer's cap. It seemed unbecoming to remain covered before these books. Easy and pleasant books were forgotten. All English and French literature, with few exceptions, seemed to me like reading for college boys and young ladies. Here I found myself again before works written for brainy men capable of assimilating and enjoying the strong meat of the mind.

The two central thoughts of Herr Spengler's book are: first, that history can be forecast in general outline; second, that the present moment in history corresponds to that period of ancient history when classical culture began to crystallize into a static civilization, and Roman Cæsarism established its sway over the Western world.

These two theses raise the most serious problems that a thinker of today can ponder. Is it true that the course of history can be predicted? Can we distinguish successive stages of youth, maturity, and senile decay in civilizations? Is it possible to speak of the life of a civilization in the strict sense of the word? To quote Herr Spengler himself: 'Do we find universal biological laws underlying all historical development?' When we look at a man in his fifties we cannot predict what he will do next; but we can say with assurance that he has passed the

[1] From *El Sol* (Madrid Liberal daily), *November* 15, 16, 17, and 23

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prime of life. Can we make such a positive assertion in regard to a civilization? Herr Spengler says that we can. More than that. He claims that we can determine the age of a civilization by approximately the same methods we use to determine the age of an individual. We observe it and interpret its physical features just as we interpret, in a person, the wrinkles on his face, the color and quantity of his hair, his postures, the elasticity or stiffness of his movements. The whole art consists in knowing how to read these signs.

We guess the age of a person by the method of analogy. This is also the true way to interpret history; except, of course, that we must not satisfy ourselves with mere superficial similarities or differences, but must unravel hidden interrelations, as does the mathematician when analyzing two groups of differential equations. In this manner, Herr Spengler believes, it is possible to find the common root that will help us to solve historical problems; to grasp what is to be, not only what is and has been. But to reach such knowledge we must be able to see the intimate connection 'between differential calculus and the dynastic theories of Louis XIV; between the city-state of antiquity and Euclid's geometry; between perspective as expressed in the Western schools of painting and the conquest of space by the railway, the telephone, and the long-range gun; between counterpoint in instrumental music and the credit system in economics.'

Are we going, then, to become blindfolded fatalists like the Moslems, or to believe, with Saint Augustine, in a predestination which disposes of us regardless of our will?

We are not. Spengler believes that man is bound to his own era, but not fatally bound. A youth of twenty can fall in love like Romeo more readily than a man of fifty; but the latter reasons better than the former. Yet the youth of twenty may or may not do what is natural at his age, and the man of fifty may or may not do what is normal for him. What is impossible is that the youth should do best the work of a mature man, and that the man of fifty should do best what is natural for a youth of twenty. How do we ascertain the things that are most likely to be done best by the youth and the mature man respectively? By analogy — that is, by observing whatever notable has been done in the past by youths of twenty and by men of fifty.

In case of civilizations, likewise, we must discover examples in the past by which to judge the present and forecast the future. Scholars have hitherto divided all human history into three periods, — Antiquity, the Middle Ages, and Modern Times, — and have ignored the existence of our abundant material for comparisons. They have assumed that human progress must be recorded as a continuous process that has passed through various stages, necessarily presenting different aspects corresponding to the different degrees of maturity of the race.

Spengler rejects this theory, for it cannot be accommodated either to the history of China or to that of the aborigines of America, the Maya and Inca cultures, which are now becoming leading subjects of historical research. He also rejects the conception of Europe as identified with a distinct historical evolution. He thinks that the primitive Hellenes should not be called Europeans, that Russia never was a European country in the sense of being 'Occidental,' and that Greece, although it was European at the time of Pericles, has now ceased to be so. He asserts that it is misleading to

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speak of the history of humankind, for humanity has no common life-curve, no common ideal or goal, any more than the orchids or the butterflies, as organic groups.

What history actually records is a number of cultures, — American, Egyptian, Babylonian, Indian, Chinese, Classical, Arabian, Occidental, — each of which possessed its own art, thought, and end of existence. Philosophers may imagine that they think in universal terms, but they are mistaken. The fundamental categories of thought established by Immanuel Kant, and declared by him universal and eternal, are merely Occidental modes of thinking. To Chinese and Arabian thinkers they are no more than curiosities.

The actual moment is a transitory period from 'Hellenism' to 'Romanism.' Hellenism stands for a multiplicity of city-states, Romanism for the subordination of all these small states to one central power, 'strictly realistic, bereft of genius, barbarous, disciplined, protestant, and Prussian.' Ancient Rome will always, so long as we have to make comparisons, stand as a key type by which to identify any corresponding stage of history. Spengler believes that mankind is now entering a period of decline. Living, creative culture has begun to assume fixity in a static civilization. In the ancient world a similar process culminated in the fourth century B.C.

How shall we explain, then, the fact that Ancient Rome, after attaining a fixed civilization, — that is, after completing the vital period of cultural growth, — yet succeeded in bringing the whole known world under her sway? Spengler's answer is: Rome did not conquer the world. She merely took possession of what might have become the booty of any first-comer. But the peoples of the East were at that time unaggressive because of their common conviction, though expressed in different formulas: 'What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

Consequently history may be interpreted and forecast by analogy, up to a certain point. Once the age of a culture is determined, we may predict what it would be natural for the people to do next. They may or may not do it. Their freedom of will consists in the possibility of making a choice. But what they will to do must lie within the realm of possibility for the contemporary stage of growth of the culture or civilization within which they live.

At the present moment, for instance, it would be impossible to produce a great painting, a great musical composition, or a great work of architecture. Herr Spengler advises young Germans to dedicate themselves to engineering, to seafaring, or to politics, instead of to painting, poetry, or the theory of cognition. It is futile to try to construct a philosophy for all ages. There are no eternal truths. Each philosophy is the expression of a given epoch, and of that epoch only. 'The alleged difference between eternal and transient doctrines does not exist. There is only a difference between doctrines that endure a certain time and others that do not survive the moment.' The present epoch is not propitious for constructing philosophic systems, but rather for the historical study of systems already constructed and of their connection with the epochs that produced them. Neither is there any reason for deploring the fact that we have been born in an epoch of decadence — because we are not responsible for this fact, and also because an epoch of decadence is as good as any other for the purpose

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of accomplishing its own appointed task.

The only philosophy possible to-day is philosophy of history and history of philosophy. But this is what Spengler considers the final fruition of philosophy. He cites Goethe's words: 'Divinity works in the living, not in the dead; in that which is becoming and transforming, and not already in being and established. This is why pure reason, in its aspiration toward the divine, occupies itself solely with what is alive and becoming, while our pragmatic understanding busies itself with things fixed and final, and puts them to practical use.'

I shall pause here to note a few possible objections. The first one concerns our power to forecast the future, which seems to me an apple of Paradise forbidden us here on earth. Man never reconciles himself to this prohibition, and tries every device — spiritism, necromancy, sociology, economic interpretation of history — in order to read the future. So far he has failed; and I believe it would be deplorable for men to persuade themselves that we are in a period of decadence, and must perforce conduct ourselves as a decadent people.

My second objection refers to Spengler's interpretation of the present age. He believes that Prussia typifies the Rome of to-day, 'realistic, bereft of genius, barbarous, disciplined.' For my part, I see in his own book testimony to the effect that Germany still remains the same country of poets and thinkers that it was in Napoleon's times.

Let me add, however, that even if Spengler's central postulates should prove false his book would still be one of the greatest written in our generation. There are works in which single pages are more significant than the whole. It seems to me this will prove true of Spengler's work when time shall have freed its pure gold from its dross. His interpretation of Roman law; his explanation of the triumph of Christianity instead of another of the many similar religions that appeared at the same period; his parallel between the spirit of antiquity and its mathematics — all these are precious discoveries which alone would justify and explain the profound effect the book has produced on the best minds of Germany.

What are the symptoms of a decline of Western civilization? The mere fact that such a decline is widely talked about does not prove its imminence. The Roman Empire fell without the Romans suspecting their own decadence. To be sure, Spengler says that each culture has its own way of dying, just as it has its own way of living. Indian culture died with Buddhism, Ancient culture with Stoicism; and Western culture is dying with Socialism — each ending in a religion without a God, maintained by men without children. Rome expired unconscious of its approaching end, for the Romans lacked the sense of historical perspective. They lived only in the present. Life to them was a divine gift, and so was death. We Occidentals know our past, and therefore we know how to read our future. For two generations now the French have lived under a mental incubus of decadence, and for the last generation the same oppression has weighed upon the English. Spengler's work shows that the Germans too are tormented by the same vague dread. Books like *The Passing of the Great Race*, by Madison Grant, and *The Revolt against Civilization*, by Lothrop Stoddard, suggest that North Americans are not unfamiliar with the thought. I shall not speak of us Spaniards, for the idea of decadence has haunted us now for so long a period

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that we have had ample time to view it from every aspect.

But we must have better evidence than a vague popular premonition of decadence to substantiate Spengler's thesis. He seeks these proofs in the analogies offered by various cultures of the past, just when they were passing from their apogee to their decline. One most significant analogy, according to Spengler, is the irreligion of the present generations. 'The essence of all living culture is religion; consequently the essence of all static civilization is irreligion.' Aristotle said that religion is necessary only for the ignorant; and the precursors of decadence in every culture have believed the same — Confucius, Buddha, the Stoics, Lessing, Voltaire. In a living culture rational elements intermingle with irrational; in a static civilization the irrational are eliminated, and with them religion.

True, the period of irreligion is a passing one. When decadence is imminent, there comes a moment when human souls revolt and refuse to be robbed of those beliefs that constituted the happiness of bygone times and the glory of the vigorous generations of an earlier era. Then comes 'the second religion,' or religiosity, a period typified at Imperial Rome when every Oriental cult flourished there. Herodotus thought the Egyptians the most religious people in the world; to-day the Mohammedans and Indians make the same impression on Europeans. This religiosity does not create anything new. 'It seems as if a mist were rising from the earth, behind which the ancient gods were returning to life.' Yet this second religiosity is characterized by great spiritual peace, like that of the ancient hermits who had renounced the world and its follies. It is a mood that makes its appearance at the end of every civilization and presents a picture 'as sublime in its absence of visible purpose or finality as are the movements of the heavenly bodies. One can admire or deplore this spectacle, but there it is.'

The modern world has not yet reached this stage. We are still in the midst of a phase of static civilization, which manifests itself through mankind by an absence of creative power and by a development of constructive ability in its place. Man builds instead of creating. He is content with routine labor instead of producing masterpieces of art and great philosophical systems. Morals are rationalized; they cease to be commands of the heart and become intellectual formulas. They are not revealed in the conduct of people unless thoroughly drilled into their brains and consciously observed. Throughout the civilized world the longing for immortality yields place to the conquest of space; quality to quantity; depth to expanse. Whereas cultural man tried to immortalize himself in his posterity, civilized man is content to multiply himself in space — that is, to spread his civilization to the utmost confines of the globe. Hence the importance of journalism in modern life, analogous to the importance of the rhetoricians during the decline of Rome. This superficiality also explains why such questions as, for instance, alcoholism and vegetarianism have been raised to the rank of problems. A vigorous, living religion would disregard such secondary matters because, with the greater issues of man's relations with his Maker settled, these would solve themselves.

Socialism is another symptom. People are Socialists to-day precisely as the ancient Romans were Stoics. But while Socialism of to-day corresponds to Stoicism, and also to Buddhism, it has one characteristic of its own: it seeks power in order to emancipate all, with-

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out distinction of wealth, birth, or tradition. Also, it enjoins upon all the duty of labor. Men have ceased to dream of heroic deeds; the Socialist ideal is to make everyone work. But Socialism itself is the result of a changed world-outlook. Giordano Bruno, Newton, Goethe, all believed in a divine principle revealing itself in all creative activity; the rationalistic science of to-day, on the other hand, sees in nature only productive energy.

Another symptom of decadence is found in our contemporary cosmopolitanism and pacifism. 'Cosmopolitanism is mere literature, and can be nothing more; it argues well, but is helpless as soon as it is summoned to defend its tenets by blood, and not by words.' All nations, Spengler says, pass through three epochs: the primitive epoch preceding culture; the double epoch of culture eventually crystallizing into a static civilization; and the 'fellah' period when culture and civilization have vanished as they have from the fellahs of Egypt, who now till the soil of the ancient Pharaohs. 'All reformers, all "citizens of the world," espouse, whether they know it or not, the ideals of the fellah. Their success means that a nation repudiates its rôle in history — and not in favor of eternal peace but in favor of more virile nations.'

The *pax Romana* resulted in a conglomeration of some hundred million people living at the mercy of a few militarist cliques. Peace in the Empires of Babylon, Egypt, India, and China cost them their existence. 'When the Mongols conquered Mesopotamia in 1401, they levied a tribute of 100,000 skulls upon Bagdad alone, whose inhabitants refused to defend themselves.'

Spengler makes an even subtler observation when he says that modern science tends to pull the subconscious up to the level of consciousness, thereby destroying it by converting it into a mechanism of logic and casuality. From the conception of force we have passed to that of energy, which is a quantum. The theory of relativity tells us that we should not consider the dimensions of bodies as absolute; but this means that geometry is reduced to nothing but a chapter in the theory of knowledge. A language of symbols, incomprehensible for anyone except the initiated, is substituted for practical evidence; Einsteinism gives us, instead of knowledge of nature, an abstract and diminutive image of our own intellect. Investigation becomes sterile. We are returning to the mental age of Alexandria and Byzantium. We produce no great creative spirits, but instead collectors, historians, men who draw conclusions from work that has been done before them. Consequently no new science is possible to-day except a morphology of past sciences — that is, a history of the logic and the development of scientific thought, its birth, life, and death.

He finds an even more conclusive proof of his theory of decadence in the sterility of city-dwellers. Country people are prolific because they live face to face with the world's mystery and with wide distances. They see in procreation their only defense against the infinity of time and space. But in crowded cities people lose their fear of racial extinction and feel no need of children. 'The reason remains the same, whether it is a North American lady who does not see why she should bear a child and miss a season, a Parisienne who might thus run the danger of losing her lover, or a heroine of Ibsen "because she wants to belong to herself." They all belong to themselves and all remain sterile.'

To be sure, Europe is overpopulated; but we should not nurse vain illusions.

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That portion of mankind capable of receiving culture will disappear first in the great cities, then in the smaller towns, and finally throughout the country. There will be repeated what happened in Rome in spite of laws favoring large families, in spite of the wholesale adoption of children, in spite of importing barbarian soldiers, in spite of the numerous institutions established under Trajan for the free feeding of children, — compare our free school lunches, — in spite of the Edict of Pertinax which granted the title to any abandoned farm to whosoever was willing to till it. Notwithstanding all these measures, by the end of the fifth century, although the palaces of the Cæsars were still occupied, the total population of Rome had dwindled to that of a country town.

A gloomy enough picture! The only ray of light is the author's prediction that Western civilization will experience another apparent revival before it dies — a revival through imperialism or 'Cæsarism' — perchance Fascism! The old power of the sword and the cross, aristocracy and priesthood, will return to confront the active powers of the present age — plutocracy and the intellectuals. This coming Cæsarism will be accompanied by the 'secondary religiosity' already mentioned. Such is the unescapable course of events. 'We have no choice between this and an alternative; we must either conform to it or perish.'

HOW CIVILIZATIONS DIE[1]

BY DEAN INGE

THE notion that civilizations grow old and die like individuals is untenable. There is no valid analogy between the life of an organism and that of a society. Some of the lowest forms of life, like the germ cells of animals, are potentially immortal; but Nature's plan for perpetuating a species is by births and deaths. There is no tendency for a species, or an organized society, to wear out like the body of an old man.

Nevertheless, history records the decay and disappearance of several civilizations. Some have been murdered outright. Such were the civilization of the *Arabian Nights* at Bagdad, where the Mongols left a pile of 800,000 corpses, and the indigenous cultures of Mexico and Peru, where the populations were not exterminated, but violently expropriated and crushed under an alien yoke. Such crimes may be heard of again, if a nation can find room for its expanding numbers only by the massacre or deportation of a weaker race.

More interesting to the biologist and sociologist are instances of national decay which resemble death by disease. The salient example in European history is the practical disappearance of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the guardians of the culture which, after a long agony, may be said to have died in the sixth century of our era. Unfortunately the causes of this catastrophe have never been fully elucidated, though the symptoms have been enumerated by many historians. In Greece

[1] From the *Spectator* (London Moderate-Conservative weekly), *May* 10

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the population which a mountainous country and a poor soil could support was rigorously limited, and the fields for emigration were cut off, after a time, by alien Powers. There is reason to think that the soil of the Mediterranean lands became steadily less productive, partly from unscientific tillage, and partly from the destruction of the woods for smelting minerals. The decay of the Romans is perhaps to be attributed to different causes, and above all to the economic parasitism which is the Nemesis of conquest and plunder. In any case, it is worth noticing that the disappearance of the old culture, with its traditions and religion, was the result of the disappearance of its guardians. The Olympians died with their worshipers; the barbarians whom Hellas had despised had no zeal for perpetuating Hellenism.

Civilization has always had its critics and its enemies. Primitive instincts rise in revolt against conventions. The town-dweller, if he can afford it, plays at being a savage hunter for two months of the year, or satisfies the nomad instinct by aimless traveling; after which he returns to his desk with 'emotions purged,' as Aristotle says. The poorer townsman suffers from a chronic *malaise* which he does not understand; it is possible that this is one cause of strikes. The young intellectual becomes a political agitator, or writes books on 'Civilization: Its Cause and Cure.' And now the anthropologist comes forward with a severe indictment of all human achievement during the last ten thousand years. From the time when man began to make tools and improve his environment, his intrinsic progress has ceased. His brain has ceased to grow; his natural weapons have atrophied; he has become a parasite of his own machines, and would starve if he were deprived of them. Natural selection has been displaced by an active counter-selection, an 'elimination of the best,' which proceeds unnoticed in peace, and is from time to time accelerated by war.

Tools may keep a civilization alive through a long process of racial decay; but such a culture is likely to be both sordid and unhappy, and each generation will find the accumulating burden of artificialities more difficult to carry. The higher spiritual gains of civilization are likely to be the first to go, and an early symptom will be a reversion to superstition, sacerdotalism, and the lower forms of religion generally.

Popular education and the fusion of classes may disguise the advance of racial decadence by enabling a society to utilize hitherto untapped reservoirs of natural ability. But as each able and energetic family rises to the top it tends to be sterilized, and the supply must soon fail. Two centuries of dysgenesic selection are enough to destroy the inherited advantages of the most gifted race.

Another danger which threatens modern civilization arises from recent political and social changes. A great nation can support without difficulty a comparatively small parasitic class at each end of the social ladder. When the privileged class becomes too extravagant and incompetent, as happened in France at the end of the eighteenth century, it may be swept away by a revolution. But it is a much more serious matter when the whole mass of the nation aspires to live beyond its income. In this country we have had for two generations a number of angry rhetoricians who repeat incessantly the parrot cry that our social and economic institutions are rotten, that the working class is exploited, and that almost any change must be for the better. In fact, the average income of a family before the Great War was about £145. If the whole of the national income could be pooled, the dividend per fam-

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ily would have been much less than this, since part of the incomes of the rich appears a second time in the earnings of the professional men and others who live upon them. Inflation has, of course, increased the nominal wealth of the nation, as well as the average payment of labor; but we must add to the wages of the workman the vast amount which his class receives under the heads of free education, doles, pensions, and in exemption from the burdens of taxation. It is almost demonstrable that labor is now fully paid, especially when we take into account its diminished output.

The danger is that the new forms of election bribery which are euphemistically called social reforms are bringing into existence a type of workman who, whatever his individual merits may be, has no survival value. The British workman is notoriously an unwelcome immigrant in all the new countries, and we are now seeing a large invasion of workmen from Ireland, at a time when we have a million unemployed at home. The Irish who are flooding Lancashire and the West of Scotland with a most undesirable type of citizen are no doubt glad to flee from the blessings of liberty in their own island; but the English and Scottish employers are obliged to accept their services because they give better value for their wages, in all kinds of rough work, than the British trades-unionists. It is only a question of time when the Labor Party will take up Protection, in order to keep up an artificially high standard of living among the privileged workers. The residuum will be supported by income tax and rates as long as these sources of plunder hold out.

The difficulty of prophesying the course of a social disease arises from the fact that when a society is attacked by a dangerous malady it generates antitoxins which often not only cure the disease but confer immunity against it for a long period to come. This is almost always the case in revolutions, which correspond to acute invasions of very poisonous microbes, like those of typhus. When the patient is a body politic, it almost always recovers, and a period of wholesome 'reaction' follows. We may confidently expect this to happen in Russia. When the history of that unhappy country is fairly written, it will be proved that the ten years before the revolution was a period of rapid growth in wealth and prosperity, and of steady social reform. All this was swept away by the microbe of Bolshevism; but recovery is almost certain, and we may predict that for the remainder of the century no country will be so safe against revolution.

This consideration may justly allay pessimism about the future of our own country; there will undoubtedly be reactions against any sudden aggravation of our symptoms. But there are no antitoxins against slow decay. The body cannot expel the microbes of wasting disease. For this reason the enlightened sociologist will watch with more anxiety the almost unnoticed progress of racial degeneration than the wild explosions of predatory Socialism and Communism. Nevertheless, we may perhaps think that the chances are in favor of the patient, unless, as is only too possible, the weakening nation is attacked and destroyed by its neighbors.

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A PEACE PROTEST FROM TOKYO[1]

BY A JAPANESE EDITOR

The Great Pacific War, by Mr. Hector Bywater, will be long discussed in all parts of the world. It, in brief, depicts Japan and America at war in 1931; the war lasts for two years and results in a drawn fight. Japan, in the book, is awarded the rôle of aggressor and picks a quarrel with the greatest, richest, most powerful, and most advanced of the nations that are making their imprint on the civilization of to-day. The whole thing is purely imaginary, and in many an instance is utter nonsense.

For example, why should this Empire fight at all? If she must, why pick on the rich and powerful United States, which has friends all over the hem of the Pacific Ocean? Why commit economic suicide right from the start by quarreling with Japan's best customer? There are many other ridiculous assumptions, but to deal with them all is impossible because of the limitations of space.

This talk of an 'inevitable' conflict between the Rising Sun and the Stars and Stripes has been permitted too much latitude; and, strange to say, this talk has come mostly from war-torn and semiprostrate Europe, suggesting, it would seem, that the wish is father to the thought.

Three years or so ago, *The Aeroplane*, a British publication, had an article by C. G. Grey, editor of that periodical, which contained the following: —

'In the light of Japan's equipping a great army and a great navy with adequate flying services, it is necessary to consider how and where they are likely to be used. The enemy is the United States, and there is never any difficulty in finding cause for war if the two nations are fated to fight.

'If a fight comes at all, it must come soon. The best opinion in Great Britain places the date of a Japanese-American war at the beginning of 1924, for by then the Japanese war-forces will be ready.'

That year was selected because it was supposed to be a 'fighting' year, popular superstition making out that Japan was fated to fight in every year which contained the figure four. These self-important alarmist publicists argued thus: Japan had a war in 1894; when 1904 came round she was fighting again; then in 1914 she declared hostilities against the Central Powers; so in 1924 she must again fight.

That year has passed; there was no fight of any sort, and the only talk of war came from unthinking jingoes and half-baked publicists. Now the latest date set by the great Hector Bywater is 1931. Perhaps the United States and Japan are going to be hectored into a war by a fighter on paper who, within the walls of a narrow newspaper-office, sees, amid the discoloring smoke emerging from a pipe that badly needs attention, visions of gas, of planes, and of armadas churning the waters of the ocean into fury and strewing the seas with the dead and the dying.

While Japan feels intensely the smart

[1] From the *Japan Times and Mail* (Tokyo English-language daily), weekly edition, *August* 26

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inflicted by America's recent immigration-law, no one with any sense of reasoning or proportion thinks of war. The East is not slow to learn, even if Europe is too old now to do so; and while Europe, with her everlasting war-mentality and barrack-room diplomacy, sees only the red of the battlefield and the 'keen edge of the sword' — Lord Birkenhead's very recent words — as the final arbitrament of international disputes, neither Japan nor the United States cares to do so.

In April this year, YushoKumamoto, who had been in constant correspondence with the late M. Camille Flammarion, famous French astronomer, foretold 'by the stars' that next year or the year after next some corner of Asia Minor, probably Mesopotamia, will be the starting-point of a war that will ultimately engulf all Europe. To the man in the street, Kumamoto's forecast is much more probable than that of Bywater, and as one reads the daily news, remembers the condition of Europe to-day and the rivalries of the Powers in the Near East, one feels that his prophecy is far more probable than Bywater's.

There are the Mosul sore, the defiance of the Arabs, the desire of Russia to press southward to the sea in that part of the world, the growing distrust of the Balfour Zionist policy — to mention just a few of the acutest sore points.

Count Michimasa Soyejima, not so very long ago, hinted that the next war in the Far East would again see Japan engaged in a tussle with the Russian Bear. These are all mere guesses, but these speculations command far more respect than the devilish drivel of Hector Bywater.

Our contemporary, the Tokyo *Nichi Nichi*, is inclined to believe that certain British publicists and politicians would actually rejoice if the United States and Japan could be made to come to grips. We do not believe that this is the considered opinion of the best minds of Japan or of Great Britain, but we do think that a law prohibiting people from writing nonsense that might possibly cause other nations to collide, and providing for corporal chastisement if the law be violated, should be enacted.

Sowers of racial and international discord ought to be punished with the utmost rigor, for these are the ones that are responsible for the organized loot, murder, rapine, and moral and material degradation that follow wars, after the bubble of 'Glory' has vanished.

Mr. Bywater is a well-known anti-Japanese writer. He suffers from a distinct anti-Japanese bias. Let us remember that while we read the book. Let us also remember that wars to-day are fought largely by the power of economics, not merely by that of force. The economic situation of the world is such that a large-scale war is sheer nonsense; much more so a war between the United States and Japan, which would let loose, not only national passions, but also race hatreds that would bring fearful repercussions from Peking to Port Said, from Malakka to Mombasa, and from Bombay to Bordeaux and Buenos Aires.

There will be no war between Japan and the United States either in 1931 or later, Bywaters and *Morning Post* Bathursts to the contrary notwithstanding. These two countries, the greatest and the youngest on the Pacific and the most advanced in the vanguard of present-day civilization, will set the world an example that sweet reasonableness is far better than Birkenhead's 'keen edge of the sword,' and can always be relied upon to straighten the gnarled knots that every country at one time or another experiences.

The attention of all Europe, and in a sense of the world, is now focused on the efforts being made by Europe to

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struggle toward a better order of living, and the Security Pact is regarded as the best method to reach that goal considering the past history of Europe, her more recent history during and since the Great War, and the hates that unfortunately teem in the unhappy Old World continent. When seriously examined, there does not appear to be any compelling reason to think that the present effort will be successful where previous ones have failed.

What the Pact proposes to do is this. France is to be guaranteed absolute security from German aggression, and, if Germany ever repeats her performance of 1870 or 1914, Great Britain will be bound to go to France's assistance. But Germany in her present state is absolutely powerless to defend herself if attacked, let alone to invade the territories of the greatest military power in Europe. So Britain, in the interests of peace, proposes to guarantee the inviolability of the frontiers of Germany as well as those of France. But will these arrangements permanently stop war in Europe?

Those who have considered the question carefully have little hope that they will. Mr. Garvin, the well-known editor of the London *Observer*, in a recent issue of his paper, comes to the conclusion that a pact concluded now would be utterly valueless in a few years, owing to the development of new forces in Europe and especially in Central Europe. The pact to be concluded now proceeds on the assumption that Germany is disarmed, and will be so forever. It is, however, impossible to keep any country in that state forever. Mr. Garvin writes: —

'For future purposes you cannot disarm the Germans unless you knock out their brains. You cannot stop thought and research. You cannot prevent them from making tremendous progress in civil aviation and gaining a national faculty and aptitude which could be rapidly turned to war purposes if their chance ever came. You cannot prevent them from knowing at least as much about chemical warfare as any of the armed nations. If we think out the probabilities of the next twenty years, we must recognize that there is bound some day to exist again throughout Europe a tolerable equality either of disarmament or rearmament.'

In addition to the impossibility of securing the lasting disarmament of Germany, there is the growth in her population. While the population of Germany is increasing by leaps and bounds, that of France is stationary. In another generation, Germany will have far greater man-power than any other European nation. Other causes for war are also present. The close of the Great War saw the rise of a group of small states in Eastern Europe, known as the Little Entente. These states, armed to the teeth, are the close allies of France, and are extremely suspicious of Germany on the one side and of Russia on the other. They, even more than France, want to see Germany disarmed and dismembered forever. They are against the proposed union of the German population of Austria with that of Germany proper. The movement for German consolidation is, however, very strong and is alone sufficient, if unreasonably provoked by opposing nations, to be the germ of a new war.

Mr. Garvin believes that the present pacts and alliances are all alike temporary bridges. They will be superseded, he thinks, by larger and more solid things. 'The League itself is as yet an inadequate and incomplete structure,' he writes, 'and the full League of Nations will be achieved in time to save Europe's future.'

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The future this school of thought conceives, however, is unfortunately only the future of Europe. Those who follow this line of thought are anxious to consolidate the nations of Europe, because they feel certain, as is shown by the implication of their words rather than by the direct words themselves, than a trial of strength is bound to take place between the white and the colored nations if things are allowed to drift in the manner which European nations allowed before and after the Great War.

Thus it is obviously clear that the probabilities of war in Europe are far greater than of a struggle between Japan and the United States. Bywater would have done the continent in which he is fated to have his being a service if he had written a book on 'The Next European War,' pointing out the festering sores, and enabling the peoples, if not the statesmen of Europe, to take such measures as will avert the snuffing out of Europe if she again forgets sense and sanity and butchers herself to pieces in a welter of fiery hatred.

Mr. Garvin shows a comprehension of this wider aspect of the problem of European peace when he says that 'Asiatic changes by themselves may well make it advisable for America to coöperate with the rest of white civilization.'

But, in our opinion, no pact or league that aims at preserving only the peace of Europe, or peace among the white nations of the world, can have any value in preserving the real peace of the world. A real League of Nations, if it is to achieve something substantial, must not only include the peoples of Europe, or the stronger Powers, but must be thoroughly representative of all the peoples of the world.

AMERICA, LET'S REASON TOGETHER[1]

BY HONORABLE DAIKICHIRO TAGAWA

[THE author, who has held high official posts in his country, is the leading Christian publicist of Japan.]

I REGRET for the sake of both Japan and the United States that I should have to write this article. I do not, however, think that the consequences of the Immigration Law so far as they have been manifested are very profound or even grave. Commercially no serious consequences on the whole have yet been produced by the legislation, as may be seen from the fact that Japan's imports from the United States during the last seven months of 1924, immediately following the enactment of that law, and despite the recent imposition of a 'luxury tax' discouraging the purchase of foreign goods in our country, nevertheless amounted to $143,000,000, as compared with $146,000,000 the previous year.

When the Immigration Law was enacted the Japanese people were said to be seriously indignant, and a movement to boycott American goods was started. But the boycott did not last long. Although later the Government imposed the hundred-per-cent tariff

[1] From the *Japan Times and Mail* (Tokyo English-language daily), weekly edition, *August* 26

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mentioned on luxuries, the imports of such articles mainly from the United States did not decrease to any appreciable extent as compared with the corresponding period in 1923.

These facts do not mean, however, that the Immigration Law has not made a very unhappy impression upon the Japanese. I do not wish to say that this impression cannot be overcome, but the truth is that the feeling of Japan toward the Americans has certainly not improved. This statement might be confirmed by much evidence, but it is only necessary to say that if Japan were to consider any nation her enemy it would be the United States. This does not mean at all that the Japanese are ready to fight the Americans; there are few reckless enthusiasts who would cry for war. But it does mean that a sentiment is entertained among many Japanese that the United States is the only country that might turn into an enemy.

This sentiment is due not only to the Immigration Law but also to other causes. Among these I may mention the following:—

1. The Monroe Doctrine.
2. America's withdrawal from the League of Nations.
3. America's attitude toward China.
4. American militarism.
5. The Gentlemen's Agreement, which Japan was compelled to make.
6. The Navy Limitation Conference.
7. The feeling that Christian ideals are not as prevalent in the United States as they are represented to be.

My observation is that all these causes work together to make the Japanese feel that the Americans cannot be relied upon. Even before the enactment of the Immigration Law the Japanese had long felt that the Americans could not be trusted, because they were not real lovers of peace, but rather selfish and arbitrary, and this sentiment has been confirmed by the law in question.

The Immigration Law was therefore not the only cause for this unfortunate change of sentiment. Had it been for that reason alone, the Japanese would hardly have been driven to such hostile feelings as were exhibited at the time of the passing of the law. In fact, these other causes are responsible mainly for the present hostile sentiment entertained by the Japanese toward the Americans.

I do not mean to say that all Japanese people understand clearly the reasons for the above-mentioned prejudices. The masses of the people do not know what the Monroe Doctrine is, nor what is the character of the League of Nations. On the whole very little attention is paid by most Japanese to these questions, but they have some vague ideas about them. They understand that the Monroe Doctrine is a policy peculiar to the United States, aiming at domination over the South American States. This may not be given expression in so many words, but this is what they think. At the same time that the United States does not like any other country to encroach upon what is supposed to be her own sphere of influence through her capitalistic power, she is constantly watching other countries with an eye of jealousy and suspicion.

The Japanese further understand that although the United States wants to maintain such a policy over the South American States, at the same time she is energetically extending her influence over the Far East and the South Seas — that is to say, over China and the Philippines. If the Monroe Doctrine be justifiable on account of geographical conditions, a similar doctrine ought to be applicable to the Far East and the South Seas. Other Powers might not recognize such

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an application, but the United States at least should. She does not, however, recognize a Monroe Doctrine for China, an 'Asia for the Asiatics,' nor does she admit of a similar right for the Philippines, but is trying to compete with all the other Powers while at the same time insisting that the Monroe Doctrine be respected for America.

Many Japanese think that America's withdrawal from the League of Nations is a conclusive evidence of her selfishness. The League was first proposed by her own President, the late Mr. Wilson. Other Powers at first hesitated, but later joined him in appreciation of his noble ideal. They did so, not because they themselves thoroughly understood the plan, but rather because they thought that the United States was fully prepared to uphold and develop the League which had been proposed by her own President, representing as they thought the nation. But quite unaccountably the United States withdrew, and so they think that she is unreliable in international dealings. They therefore think that America is a nation that does not respect international interests or obligations for mutual coöperation.

The Washington Conference was another instance. They think that the United States did not propose such a conference for the peace of the world, nor of the Pacific, but for the purpose of destroying Japan's influence over China. She persuaded Great Britain to force a disadvantageous ratio upon the Japanese navy. The Americans are always trying to injure Japan's interests, and to prevent her from increasing her national power. Such is the prevailing sentiment among the Japanese public.

Later on, the Americans gave great assistance to Japan at the time of the earthquake, but the favorable impressions made thereby upon the Japanese people were largely lost by the passing of the Immigration Law with its 'exclusion clause.'

I admit frankly that various misconceptions color the observations and sentiments which we now see among the Japanese. They are ignorant of the facts; they are not sufficiently careful. They often lack fair judgment and sound understanding. But the real problem is, what is to be done about it, and my answer is as follows: —

1. I think that the Immigration Law which absolutely excludes the Japanese ought to be revised at once. Even if the law is revised so as to admit Japanese immigrants according to the same quota as the Europeans, the number of such Japanese immigrants would be only 146 a year. Through such a small number of Japanese immigrants, American civilization, morale, and labor could suffer little harm. Moreover, such revision would have the great advantage of showing the Japanese that they were treated in the same way as Europeans, and so of mitigating their antipathy to America. By such a revision the Americans would gain much and lose nothing.

2. I think also that the United States ought to revise her Naturalization Law in such a manner as to give the Japanese the right to obtain American citizenship. My own opinion is that the Naturalization Law affects the relations between Japan and the United States more seriously than the Immigration Law does. I sincerely hope that, by the simultaneous revision of the Immigration and the Naturalization Laws, the Japanese who want to live in the United States permanently will be enabled to enjoy an American life and become truly loyal citizens of the United States. I think there are a large number of Japanese now resident in the United States who would apply for citizenship if the law were revised.

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3. In addition to the revision of these laws, it is my opinion that the United States ought to admit Chinese immigrants and also give them citizenship. If the United States continues to exclude the Chinese and deny them citizenship, even if she changes her policy regarding the Japanese I do not think the Japanese will welcome the revision of the laws for themselves alone. In my view the United States is not fair in giving a discriminative treatment to a certain nation or race as such, and hence my belief that the Chinese should have the same treatment as the Japanese when the laws are revised.

I hope that the revision of the Immigration Law and the Naturalization Law will be made at an early date. If that is done, Japanese-American relations will improve. At the same time we must remember that the present sentiment which the Japanese have in regard to the Americans is not exclusively due to the Immigration Law. Apart from the law in question, the sentiment of respect and confidence among the Japanese toward the Americans has been cooling down for many years. So long as this attitude continues, the Japanese may find an opportunity to blame the Americans for something or other, independently of the Immigration Law. They will argue:—

1. The United States withdrew from the League of Nations, which her own representative had proposed.

2. The United States, in spite of her Monroe Doctrine, is extending her influence over China and the Philippines.

3. The United States, while severely criticizing the European States and Japan for their folly in keeping up expensive armaments, herself expends a great deal for her own armaments.

I might mention many other reasons, but these three alone will be sufficient to show how inconsistent is the American national policy. The United States is no longer considered a country of justice. Her policy is guided by prejudice and self-interest. The Americans do not care for the interests of other nations or races, and their attitude is often unjust and arbitrary. Such is a common charge brought against the Americans, and I do not think this criticism is peculiar to the Japanese, but rather that it is common among the world public. Even I myself often find it extremely difficult to defend the Americans against these charges. Such suspicion and censure against the Americans are now widespread among the Japanese, and that sentiment will inevitably find expression in action sooner or later. I had such apprehensions even before the enactment of the Immigration Law. Apart from that legislation, international harmony between Japan and America has long been strained.

The Japanese are rather simple-minded. When Commodore Perry first knocked at the doors of the country for international intercourse, followed by a host of Christian missionaries who preached justice and love, the Japanese had no hesitation in believing that America was a nation of peace, justice, and love. This simple belief, however, has evidently been undermined during the last sixty years by American actions quite at variance with these noble ideals. The Americans, they say, have acted often in opposition to peace, justice, and love, so that the Japanese who had placed unconditional confidence in them have been sadly disappointed, not to say angered. The remedy for these evils must be fundamental.

1. Some Japanese regard the United States as a Christian nation, but American politics and diplomacy often depart from Christian principles and doctrine.

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2. Everyone admits that Christian justice and ideals are very noble and elevated, but many Christians lack Christian character and superior personality. There is often a wide gap between words and deeds. The Americans say that they are a Christian nation, but is there not danger of seeming to imply by this that all Americans are Christians?

I sincerely hope that my American readers will listen with patience to these frank words of counsel. While sending them this message, I, myself a Japanese, examine myself carefully and speak to my fellow nationals as follows: —

1. I regret that Japan has sent so many emigrants ignorant of the English language and American customs and thoughts. This was a very great mistake, committed at the outset carelessly by the Japanese Government.

2. In case the Immigration Law is revised in such a manner as to admit Japanese immigrants, — 146, according to quota, — I think it necessary to train Japanese properly before allowing them to go abroad. In the old days a Japanese mother, when sending her daughter in marriage, used to teach her that she should try to assimilate the traditional customs and manners of the family she was to enter and should fully determine not to return to her old home under any circumstances. Such ought to be the principle to guide future emigrants.

3. One might ask, did militarism originate in America to be followed by Europe and Japan, or did it originate in Europe and Japan to be followed by America? I do not think it right to blame the United States alone for her militarism. In this respect also the Japanese must take full responsibility.

4. It cannot be doubted that the spirit and purpose of the Washington Conference were genuine. As one result of that Conference, Japan has not needed to increase her taxes, although neither has she reduced them. It is foolish and shallow-minded of some Japanese to censure the United States on account of the Washington Conference. I am extremely ashamed of such Japanese.

5. In the fiscal year ending March 1924 Japan decided upon a naval budget for the construction of auxiliary warships, amounting to 368,860,000 yen, spread over a period of five years. Since the Washington Conference, no other Power which participated in it has made any such similar plan. I sincerely regret that Japan alone should have violated the principle of the Conference by such expansion of the navy.

6. I was very sorry that some representative Christians in Japan should have advanced the view that American missionaries ought to go home, when in the United States ever since the promulgation of the Immigration Law the representatives of American Christians have consistently protested against the law and exerted their best efforts for its revision. I was sorry I could not stop the movement against the American missionaries.

Many Japanese, therefore, do believe that the Americans are an egoistic nation — although there are exceptions like former Ambassador Woods, and numerous fair-minded and faithful Christian workers. As the Japanese are equally egoistic, there is danger of collision between the two, unless they control and humble themselves. Such self-control will be necessary, not only for the two countries, but also for the world at large. Japan ought to be on her guard, and the United States too, against egoism. For this purpose the Christians in both countries ought to exert the utmost efforts; the opportunity is unique in history.

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The Japanese Christians are small in number as well as in influence. Nor is the United States a Christian nation entirely. I think the relations between the two countries will improve when Christians, both Japanese and American, evangelize more widely among their own people and gain a wider influence. Then the Immigration Law will lose its raison d'être as a matter of course.

The Immigration Law may be considered to have produced one good result if on its account the people in both countries recognize the need of deeper introspection and of giving up egoistic prejudice; of manifesting a true Christian spirit and of helping each other in the maintenance of peace on the Pacific and in the world at large. The legislation in question will then bring about good fruit instead of grave consequences. It will entirely depend upon our own efforts whether the consequences will be bad or good. I pray to God that He may help us to work toward this great ideal and to accomplish what lies nearest to the heart of all sincere Christians in every land — namely, the peace of the world.

EMPIRE

[*These verses are part of a series being published anonymously by the better-known English poets. Though the idea is not new, there is always a fascination in guessing at the identity of the great man who happens to be writing. In this case we are certainly reading either Chesterton or an exceedingly skillful imitator.*]

[*Poetry and the Play*]

THE shingled lions of Wembley
  Like winded wombats stand,
Propping the faded glories
  Of an Empire built on sand.
But we, with lifted ale-mugs,
  And toothpicks in our hands,
Will sing the ancient stories
  Of the apple-laden lands.

The Empire built by grocers,
  And bought by profiteers,
Will vanish as the Spanish did
  In the welter of the years;
But here the sainted Publican
  Still plies his pleasant trade —
In the banging of a pint-pot
  Is England's glory made!

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ON THE WAY TO KARAKORAM. III[1]

BY PHILIP C. VISSER

We are in Pasu, a little, fertile oasis surrounded by bare cliffs and sandy deserts. We have pitched our tents in the shade of an orchard of ancient apricot trees on the banks of the swift Hunza River. We plan to rest in these peaceful surroundings during the intervals in our explorations. We shall utilize such periods to review our plans, to repack our equipment and supplies, and to make our final arrangements before entering the high mountains.

An overcast sky graciously shaded us during our passage of the terrible 'Devil's Chasm,' whose broiling heat has often been described by previous travelers. Gilgit made an exceedingly agreeable impression upon us. Its luxuriant verdure was most grateful to our eyes after the sandy, sunburned wastes of the Indus Valley. Luxuriant harvests, fruit-laden orchards, and brilliant flower-beds rewarded the hand of the cultivator. At the hospitable home of the British political agent we quite forgot that we were now about to turn our backs on civilization.

To be sure, it was uncomfortably warm. Although summer had hardly begun, the thermometer was ninety degrees above zero. During our march from this point through the barren reaches of the Hunza Valley we proceeded slowly. The landscape gradually grew wilder, the mountains towered higher, and the trail became worse, though still traversable by ponies. In many points the path was cut out of the side of the cliffs or supported by a wooden understructure; and we were in constant danger from falling boulders.

During the second day we experienced difficulty in crossing a place where the trail had been completely destroyed by a landslide, and were forced to remove the packs from our ponies before they could get over. The farther we advanced the more imposing grew the scenery, for at this point the Hunza has cleft its way through the mighty barrier of the Zaskar Range.

Our triumphal entry into Aliabad, the principal village of the Hunza, was very impressive. All the male residents had gathered in front of the resthouse to greet us. They stood in compact, well-ordered ranks, their respectful silence broken only once or twice by a suppressed giggle from some urchin, who promptly received a sound box on the ears for his unseemly demeanor. These curious spectators formed a background for the oldest son of the Mir, who solemnly advanced to meet us and welcomed us to his father's territory.

As the day drew to a close, and after we had drunk our tea under the eyes of all Aliabad, a profound silence reigned around the tiny bungalow. Clouds slowly drifted past as if manœuvred by a master hand. Propelled by a gentle wind, they glided athwart the mountain panorama like a transparent veil. High above us, tinged with the colors of the setting sun, reared a glittering peak of marvelous beauty — Rakapushi.

On the following afternoon we rode

[1] From *Frankfurter Zeitung* (Liberal daily), *September* 6

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from Aliabad, on narrow, winding trails between green, cultivated terraces irrigated by a wonderful system of irrigation ditches, to the summer residence of the Mir. The sound of running water was constantly in our ears, and a marvelous parade of peaks and precipices marched before our eyes.

The Mir, surrounded by his sons, grandsons, and a picturesque group of attendants, received us in his shady garden. He took a deep interest in our plans, and we at once discovered that excellent arrangements had been made for our transportation and supplies. Almost the first words of our host, however, were whether we realized into what difficult country we were going. He repeated the information that we had already received from the political agent — that the Shimshal, Khunjerab, and Ghujerab Valleys are accessible only for a short period early in the winter, on account of high water. A way across the mountains, if it could be found at all, would be extremely steep and difficult.

'Mem Sahib will certainly not think of accompanying you?'

But Khan Sahib, who acted as our interpreter, related proudly that Mem Sahib had crossed the Himalaya range and had descended on the other side, leaving the rest far behind her.

'Yes,' nodded the Mir, 'my son told me about that, and described her wonderful boots with iron spikes in the soles.'

After we had arranged our plans according to our liking, we were introduced to two 'wild men.' The Mir remarked, as he presented them to us: 'These people are from the Shimshal Valley. Take them with you. They can be of help.'

We eyed the weird-looking creatures with some distrust. But we had had scarcely time to take in their externals when a second couple took their place with a deep salaam. 'These,' said the Mir, 'are Hunza men of rank. They will accompany you at my command and direct your coolies.'

Thus our caravan became daily more picturesque and more polyglot.

On the twenty-sixth of May we bade farewell to Baltit and set out with ninety baggage-coolies into the unknown country. From this point our trail ascended rapidly, and it was no path for honeymooners. The precipices were often so steep and so close to the water that we had barely room to crowd around their base. In many places we crossed long stretches of rough boulders. The scenery grew incomparably magnificent.

When we suddenly discovered Pasu from a lofty vantage-point upon the trail, it looked like a tiny green oasis. We scanned it with great interest, for we had already decided to make our base camp there. It has postal communication with the outer world, for the mail carrier between Gilgit and Kashgar, in Chinese Turkestan, touches this point. A mile and a half beyond is the entrance of Shimshal Canyon, and three miles away lies Batura Glacier.

The first task on our programme was to explore the Batura, which, though visible from a well-known trail, has hitherto remained terra incognita. But before venturing into this realm of ice and snow, where we should be obliged to spend several weeks at high altitudes, Franz, our Swiss guide, wisely advised us to make a preliminary reconnaissance of the Pasu Glacier, in order to familiarize ourselves with snow conditions and to complete a brief survey of this likewise unknown district.

We planned to be away only three or four days, but though we limited our equipment to what was absolutely indispensable we had to take fifteen

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coolies with us. This gave us an excellent opportunity to judge their qualities. They began by telling us that we could not go farther than two days' journey, that goatherds and hunters often went to that point. They declared, however, that beyond this the glacier was impassable.

We left camp on May 30, my wife remaining behind to look after matters there. First we took a cursory look at the lower end of the glacier, where it thrust forward into the Hunza Valley. We then proceeded along a gullied moraine on its left side, where the coolies told us the best trail lay, scaling several difficult slopes covered by shale and débris. At length we reached an altitude of more than thirteen thousand feet, without apparently approaching the end of the ridge. Already it was growing late, and there was no prospect of water or a suitable camping-place in sight.

Franz decided that the time had come to take action, and remarking laconically, 'Descend; we must get down to the glacier,' followed the words by rapidly clambering directly down toward the ice-stream from which we had so laboriously ascended. Less than an hour later we were crouching in a small depression between the moraine itself and the shoulder of the mountain.

Such a place would not be considered a possible camping-ground in the Alps, for it was covered with stones. Nevertheless, we found a charming bit of turf dotted with rose bushes, and at once decided to pitch our tent there.

From this spot we had a magnificent view over the glacier, which descended from a sort of terrace above us in a wonderful chaos of ice-towers and deep crevasses. Several times during the night I heard the thunder of avalanches in distant mountain-chasms, to the unpleasant accompaniment of rain drumming on my tent roof.

Morning brought rather dubious prospects, but at eleven o'clock we broke camp, as it seemed to be clearing. Following our little moraine valley for a short distance, we soon came to a steep buttress over which we had to climb. A little later we reached the plateau that the coolies had described. Possibly there may be pasturage on it in the late summer, but it was now covered with snow — and most uncomfortable snow, for we sank in it up to our knees at every step.

The coolies seemed to have no taste for this kind of going. They threw down their packs and refused to proceed farther. With Khan Sahib for an interpreter, I tried eloquently to impress on them that strong Hunza men like themselves would surely be ashamed of thus showing the white feather. They had nothing to fear if they followed carefully in the footsteps which the Sahibs made. These words had the desired effect. The men picked up their packs and came after us. In this way we kept on through the soft snow until Franz declared that he had found a camping-place. He pointed to a spot among the cliffs about sixty feet below us, where he detected three little flat places just large enough for our sleeping-bags.

So we settled down on the flank of the mountain above a chasm, with the wonderful ice-river below us and mighty peaks surrounding us on every side. Here we spent a magnificent, unforgettable night beneath the starry heavens. Unfortunately, however, a cloudy day with gray, unsettled weather followed. We proceeded along the snowy moraine and the slope of the mountain as long as possible, until we were forced to descend to the glacier itself.

This manœuvre provoked a wild

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protest from the coolies. 'No officer ever did that,' one of the older ones shouted. 'We 'll not go a step farther. We shall break our necks, and we won't do that.'

But far above their discordant shrieking chorus resounded Khan Sahib's thundering voice: 'Ha, men of Hunza, chicken-livered children! Are you afraid when other men go forward bravely and fearlessly? Pick up your packs and follow.' We had three ropes, so we could take some coolies in our first party into the wonderful labyrinth of ice-formations and crevasses through which our path now lay. The others we bade wait for us where they were. When I returned for the second lot I found that several were already coming down of their own accord, so quickly had their rebellious reluctance changed to imprudent rashness.

We now faced new dangers. Great masses of fresh avalanche snow had recently fallen and blocked the path. Other masses hung above us, threatening to overwhelm us at any moment. Silently and with many a stolen glance upward we hastened across the dangerous place. I caught an audible sigh of relief when the last man was over.

That night we pitched camp on the glacier, finding a place large enough for our tent between two great crevasses. Here we were very comfortable except in respect to cooking, for the ice rapidly melted beneath our heater.

To our great disappointment, the weather grew worse. We had scarcely pitched the tent when it began to snow, and during the night I could hear the drumming of sleet on its roof.

Next morning, when we faced the question of proceeding farther or turning back, there was no doubt that prudence commanded a retreat. Fresh snow covered the whole landscape. In spite of this, we were satisfied with the result of our expedition. Our surveying-instruments surprised us with the fact that the glacier was five miles longer than had been assumed by those who had seen it only from the Hunza Valley. Another important result of the expedition was to convince us that it would be fruitless to try to explore the Batura until after the winter snow had melted.

That discovery has made us change our plans, which is easy to do from our base camp at Pasu. Instead of postponing the Khunjerab and the Ghujerab until autumn, we have decided to take them first. They are a tempting problem, toward the solution of which no map can guide us, for they are marked there by great white spots bearing the mysterious word 'Unknown.'

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THE LITTLE TOWN OF ARICA[1]

BY F. P. FARRAR

ARICA is but a little town. It resembles no other seaport along the brown barren coast-line of the South. It has the air of having wandered here by mistake.

Arica is an oasis in a desert, an oasis fed by some subterranean river flowing perhaps from Titicaca. Trees grow there, widespreading flamboyant trees that arch the main street with a cool green vault as in a forest glade.

An air of simplicity hangs over the town, an air of unhurried ease and well-being. No visitor, ignorant of its history, could suppose that it would occupy a front page in the world's history, that it would be a bone of contention between two powerful nations.

An attractive little town, this Alsatian hamlet of the New World, unpretentious in appearance, shrinking beneath the shade of its trees as if to hide from the publicity that it has unwillingly earned. A jetty runs into the sea from which ply the lighters to and from the freight boats in the bay. In normal times barefooted urchins spend long lazy hours here with fishing-lines dangling in the water, or bathe in summer time from the adjoining beach. Hard by is a tennis-court; beyond, a little plaza adorned with trophies of captured cannon. A railway line runs the length of the sea-front.

To the north is an expanse of sad-colored rolling hills. To the south is the bastion of the Morro sloping gently up from the landward side to a rounded top like a human head, with a scarred, wrinkled cliff-face brooding over the sea. On the seventh of June, 1880, the Peruvian garrison was taken by surprise by a Chilean force of four thousand men that had landed under cover of night lower down the coast. Outnumbered three to one, they fought, these Peruvian conscripts, to the last cartridge. Their commander, Colonel Bolognesi, was killed. Back and back they were driven, up and up the slope. Rank by rank, man by man, they were shot down. The survivors leaped over the cliff-edge to escape the disgrace of surrender or the worse mercies of the Chilean soldiery. For weeks, it is said, their corpses lay on the ledges of the rock face, poisoning the air. Finally, so the story is told, they were shot away — the kindest burial that remained — by the guns of a British cruiser.

The quiet of the little town is broken. Again it is to be a battlefield. From North and South, the forces are mustering for the greatest battle of all, a battle for a belated justice. Pershing is steaming thitherward on the Rochester. Next week, de Freyre Santander on the Ucayali and Augustin Edwards on a Chilean ship will be traveling to the fray. From near and far, special correspondents whose names are familiar on the front pages of the newspapers, the men who write up the stories of great and little wars, are hastening to this new war. Every cable-route and every land-line will hum with the daily harvest of their news.

The little post-office will increase its staff tenfold; but still it will be over-

[1] From the *West Coast Leader* (Lima English-language weekly), *July* 28

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worked. Messages will be handed in, in a dozen different codes. At headquarters in the cuartel General Velásquez there will be a continuous coming and going of plenipotentiaries, messengers, orderlies, lawyers with bulging portfolios, voters and would-be voters, witnesses, motor-cars, lorries stacked with documentary evidence from a hundred municipal archives and church registers.

In the streets will be seen the faces of men familiarized on picture-pages and cinema screens. Soldiers (not too much in evidence), detectives, police, spies, loafers, reporters, U. S. marines on shore leave, hangers-on, will submerge the population under a wave of different nationalities and interests and purposes.

The hotels have long since been commandeered. There will be a scramble to find lodgings. Prices will soar. Will there be food enough to feed the hungry hosts? Will drinking-bars and gambling-dens multiply as in some new Klondike?

Week by week, the little town of Arica will grow by leaps and bounds. A city of tents will rise on the outskirts and spread over the rolling hills. How will the inhabitants be fed? How will water be conveyed to that canvas city?

How and when and where will the voters go to the polls?

Who knows? Who knows anything at all?

Here is a plebiscite unique in all history, held under conditions without precedent, for which every precedent must be made. Experts in European post-war plebiscites are attached to the staffs of the three delegations. Their advice will be sought, their experience sifted, upon a hundred and one questions that will arise.

Lawyers versed in every intricacy of international law will find their knowledge taxed to the uttermost. Diplomats accustomed to the devious ways of foreign chancelleries will find that Pershing has a new kind of diplomacy to meet the present case.

So the weeks will slip by with rumors as thick as the leaves on the trees, until that last great day when the result of the poll will be declared to the world.

Then Arica will be left to sleep in peace again. The women will set their chairs on the sidewalks and knit and gossip and grind coffee. There will be no more frenzied rush of lorries over the cobblestones. Strangers will no longer clutter the streets and patios.

And perhaps a red-and-white flag will droop in the still air from the flagpole in the little plaza.

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NANNY[1]

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

It was unbelievable to David and Janet that Nanny should be leaving. They would have been less surprised to hear that Father was leaving. Father, after all, went away every morning and did not get back till nearly bedtime; he was a movable and unstable item. But Nanny, like Mother, was of the order of eternal things; she had been there always from the beginning. She must, David thought, be an extremely old woman. Yet now she was leaving them to be married — surely an extraordinary thing for her to do. Mother seemed to think so too. 'Some people,' David had overheard her say to Father, 'seem never to know when they are well off.'

She was going to marry Robert. David knew Robert quite well. He had frequently met him in the kitchen. He had a woolly beard that seemed to be fastened on round his ears, like Santa Claus's; above it his two cheeks stuck out like apples; and he had nice blue eyes which seemed always to be twinkling. David had liked him from the first, and now it was a shock to him to hear that he was going to marry Nanny. He had never suspected that Robert and Nanny loved one another better than they loved him. He felt as if they had been practising a deception upon him all this time. 'Why, I declare! My boy 's quite jealous,' said Nanny, and when they both laughed David blushed scarlet.

When Nanny went there would be only Martha, the housemaid, left. Old Cookie had gone away some time ago, and there was a new cook whom David hated because one day, when he had gone into the kitchen as usual, she had pointed to his footmarks on her newly scrubbed floor and remarked tartly that little boys should learn to put their feet in their pockets.

When the moment came for Nanny to leave, there was a hullabaloo. Nanny stood in the middle of the nursery with her hat and coat on, looking pale and embarrassed. A strange tin box with cord round it, which David had never seen before, stood near the door with her other coat and her umbrella laid neatly on the top of it. Mother was there too, and suddenly her face began to twitch. It was difficult at first to tell whether she was laughing or crying, till, to David's horror, two tears ran down her cheeks. He had never seen Mother cry; in fact, he had always believed that only children cried. And she was doing it quite quietly too, without any of the noise that he and Janet always made. Janet, seeing Mother cry, broke out suddenly into a loud howl. It was awful. Then Nanny stooped down and kissed him good-bye. As she did so a tear ran out of her left eye and down the edge of her nose. At that, David too started whimpering, and by the time he had pulled himself together again Mother was standing by the nursery window, looking out. 'Hurry up, David!' she was saying. 'Come and wave to Nanny.' David went to the window. The cab was already moving away, and in its window he saw Nanny waving a

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (English Tory weekly), *May* 30

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white pocket-handkerchief. When the cab had vanished round the corner, and they suddenly found themselves alone in the nursery, it seemed as if the whole world were plunged into a profound silence.

Nanny's new home was only two miles away. It was in one of a series of new red-brick and slate-roofed streets that sprawled up the side of what had been a beautiful wooded valley, until a few years ago the town had stretched a new arm and, at the end of the arm, had opened out a broad new hand that had laid hold of a whole wooded hillside. An estate at the opposite side of the valley had been presented by its owner to the town and was now laid out as a public park.

Most of their walks took them into the Park. They went there with Mother or Nanny, and, after Nanny had left them, with Nurse. Nurse was the name of the new nurse. She was nice, but she was different from Nanny, and she had a curious smell of camphor and stewed prunes.

Soon after Nanny's departure they were told that they were going to be taken to see her. Martha took them because Martha knew the way. They walked right through the Park and out by an iron gate at the far end into a strange new world. David was wearing a new straw hat, so that he felt and behaved differently from usual. A cinder-path with a high wall on one side and a low one on the other led up a steep hill. David climbed on to the low wall and walked along the top of it. When Martha told him to come down he took no notice. 'Very well!' said Martha. 'If you tumble down an' break your leg, don't ask me to help you, 'cos I won't, that 's all! Look what a good girl *Janet* is!' David looked down at Janet. She was holding Martha's hand and she had her goody-goody face on, a face that always infuriated him. 'It 's only because she 's frightened to climb the wall,' he sneered.

Nanny's house was called Number Twenty-Nine. Martha told David it was a flat; why, he could not understand, because when the front door was opened you saw a steep flight of stairs covered with new oilcloth. 'Well, I never!' said Nanny, beaming in the doorway. 'An' David 's got a new hat, too!' She shepherded them inside and shut the door. 'And how 's my precious?' she asked, lifting up Janet and carrying her up the steep oilcloth stairs. The rooms smelled of polish and new carpet. In the kitchen a bright fire danced and crackled in the grate, and the shovel and poker and tongs and the handle of the oven door shone like silver. There were three pots of geraniums in the window, with leaves like little green dusty plates tilted outward toward the light. In the sitting-room, which was never used, and had a cold, inhospitable smell of its own, a mat with long white fur lay before the empty fireplace, in which there was a pink-paper fan. There was a mirror like a frozen pool over the mantelpiece with water lilies on it, and on each side of it hung a beautiful painted plate in a red-velvet frame. All the ornaments stood on woolly green mats. But the best thing in the room was the harmonium. You worked with your feet, and when you played it it sounded like church. David was fascinated, and when Nanny lifted him on to the stool and let him play he was so entranced that he forgot all about everything else and took no notice when they left him there alone. Sometimes he forgot to work his feet; then the music gave a dismal howl and stopped. Afterward, all through tea, David remained dazed and his feet felt as if they were still paddling up and down.

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One day Martha told them that Nanny had a baby. David thought it rather funny of her to go in for a baby when she already had himself and Janet. But then it had also been rather strange of her to marry Robert when she was so happy with them at home. The baby was called Joseph. It lay in its cot, with large, clear eyes like little pools, and it had two funny little round holes for a nose. David and Janet were rather embarrassed by it, and it was a nuisance too the way it occupied so much of Nanny's attention when they went to see her.

But Janet soon discovered that a baby was almost as good as a doll, and by watching carefully what Nanny did to Joseph it was possible, she found, to get all sorts of ideas about the way to treat Ida and Blackie, the two dolls that Mother had given her last birthday. As for David, he took refuge more and more in the harmonium. Always now, soon after their arrival at Number Twenty-Nine, as they sat talking in the bright kitchen, he would become aware of a hunger somewhere in the pit of his stomach which would soon define itself as a burning desire for the cold, inhuman atmosphere which in his mind signified the sitting-room; and then this impression again would clear and focus itself suddenly on the harmonium. He was being irresistibly drawn toward the harmonium. Then, when he thought no one was looking, he would sneak out of the room, close the door softly with a delicious feeling of escape, and, blind and deaf to everything else, make straight for the harmonium. Feverishly and impatiently he folded back the lid; then, pulling out the stops and paddling with his feet, he floated away, released at last, into the ecstatic world of his desire. Nothing but the news that tea was ready could prevail to call David back. 'That boy 's going to be a church organist, *I 'll* be bound!' said Nanny.

In course of time, as Joseph began to scramble about and become more of a little boy and less of a baby, David got accustomed to him, though he never really liked him; but that was because he was so much younger than himself. After all, both David and Janet could now read and write, and David was getting on so well on the piano that he could play real hymns off by heart on Nanny's harmonium.

One morning, when Martha took them over to Number Twenty-Nine, they found that Joseph had been put into knickerbockers. They made him look smaller instead of bigger, but he was very proud of them, and spent all his time climbing up and down stairs, although the knickerbockers were so tight that he had to lift his legs sideways instead of straight up like other people. With his big curly head and his tiny body, he looked like the British Lion. Nanny took them into the kitchen and offered them ginger wine. She set wineglasses on the table and then went into the larder to get the bottle. Joseph took up one of the empty glasses and pretended to drink out of it. After that, he blew into it, making strange spluttering noises as though he were blowing a trumpet. Then he smiled slyly at David and Janet. But David and Janet did not smile back; they looked away disapprovingly, and Joseph put the glass back beside the others. David drew one of the glasses nearer to him; he wanted to make sure that he did n't get the one that Joseph had spluttered into. Nanny came back with a plate of biscuits and the bottle of ginger wine. She filled the glasses. The glass that Joseph had spluttered into went to Janet. Joseph ate biscuits and then drank with a crumby mouth, so that crumbs came

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off into his glass. Then he tried to rake them out with one finger. 'Fishes!' he muttered pensively. 'Joseph! Joseph! Give over!' said Nanny.

That was the last time they saw Nanny. Soon after that, David and Janet went for a long visit to Granny. Granny lived in a beautiful house near the sea. In the fine weather they used to play all day on the sands. One glorious day Father came to help and they made a castle so huge that Father and David and Janet could all stand upon it at once. They stayed upon it till the waves actually dashed against it and ate away the walls, and it seemed so dangerous that David and Janet yelled with delighted fear. And when at last they simply had to abandon it, they seemed to be right out in the middle of the sea, and on their headlong flight to the shore David's knickerbockers were soaked through and Janet fell down four times and was drenched to the skin.

On wet days they played in the big nursery, where there was a full-sized rocking-horse that Father used to ride when he was a little boy, and a drawer full of toys. There was a funny-looking doll among the toys, with a sweet, rather horrible smell, which they called The Trooper, because they had once heard Father say that somebody or something smelled like a trooper, by which he seemed to mean very much indeed. David's favorite game in the nursery was to play at going a journey. A particular feeling of delight used to come over him when he played it, much the same as when he played the harmonium. The game consisted in turning out the toys of the toy-drawer and packing them on to the rocking-horse, and then David and Janet sat astride on the rockers at each end of the horse and the long monotonous journey began. Miles upon miles they traveled, and all the time they sang a curious song of their own invention which went in time to the rocking, and when they spoke it was in a strange tongue which they alone could understand. Janet was always the first to tire, but David generally succeeded in forcing her to remount and undertake a few more stages of the journey. Then, quite suddenly, he would tire of it himself. The excitement, the ecstasy inside him, would suddenly go out as if someone had turned out the gas. Weariness and disillusion descended upon him, and he found himself faced by the unendurable confusion of toys heaped upon the rocking-horse. Then he and Janet would sneak out of the nursery, abandoning everything. But infallibly, not long afterward, the terrible voice of Nurse would be heard in the house. 'Master David! Master David!' she shouted, with an upward lift on the last syllable. 'Come up at once, both of you, and put away the toys!' Then in the blackness of disgust they would slink back into the nursery and the desolating process of putting-away would begin. Angrily and despairingly they heaped the toys pell-mell into the drawer, careless of order and method; and then, invariably, the drawer refused to shut. David struggled till he was red in the face, then he kicked the drawer viciously and attempted a half-hearted rearrangement of the obstructing toys. At the second try the drawer would stick again, but David with a desperate shove would overcome the obstruction and leave the nursery with a sigh of relief, secretly aware that some toy — The Trooper or the tin rainbow-striped humming-top — had been broken or bent in the process.

In the evening, before they went to bed, they went for an hour to the drawing-room, where Granny, who was small and fat and comfortable like a cottage loaf, and wore a little white-

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lace cap on her head, would read them entrancing stories in a soft, quiet voice that seemed always to be telling exciting secrets. And then they would be roused by the opening of the door and the presence of Nurse would be discovered, standing in the doorway, like a bad fairy. The hateful hour for bed had arrived. 'Not yet! Not yet!' wailed David and Janet in chorus. 'One moment, Nurse! *One* moment!' Granny would say in her gentle voice, 'We're just finishing.'

When at last they returned home, years and years seemed to have passed, so that when, one day at lunch soon after their return, Mother told them that while they were away Nanny had died, they hardly realized what it meant. And not many months after that, when Martha came back from one of her Sundays out, she brought them the news that Robert had married again. 'Married again?' said Mother indignantly. 'And I 've been sympathizing with him *all* this time.' 'Well, 'm,' said Martha, 'I think he can be excused. You see, there was no one to look after Joseph.' But that did n't seem to console Mother. She gave a little angry snort. 'And to *think*,' she repeated, 'that I 've been sympathizing with him *all* this time.'

CHARCOT, REPAIRMAN OF SOULS [1]

BY CHARLES LALLEMAND

On the page devoted to medical science, among the great names which the Institut de France is proud to count upon its Book of Gold, stands that of Charcot, long since ranged by popular voice after Claude Bernard and Pasteur among those pioneers who, disdaining the beaten path, struck out along new avenues of human knowledge and opened to it domains hitherto unexplored. It is for voices with more authority to recall upon the occasion of his centenary the masterly discoveries of Charcot in the spheres of physiology and pathology. More modestly, I should like to make the man himself live again for a moment, for Charcot's noble character and high honesty of conscience as a man equaled the same qualities as they appeared in the scientist.

The son of a modest wheelwright established in Paris in the *cité Trévise*, Jean Martin Charcot belongs to the group of those self-made men whom a powerful intelligence joined to a capacity for furious industry permitted to climb almost all the rungs in the social ladder, from bottom to top, having at the start almost nothing upon which to stand. He was the oldest of four sons whose ages were close together. The father wished to give careful instruction to all, but his means sufficed for one alone. No matter; the prize should be submitted to competition; and the four boys were all placed for several months in the Lycée Bonaparte, where the one who made the best record was to con-

[1] From the *Revue Bleue* (Paris literary and political semimonthly), *August* 1

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tinue in studies, while the others went back to the shop.

Jean Martin won, but his brothers, far from being envious, saw in him the hope of the family and set themselves to giving him a chance. To the frozen little closet where he spent part of his nights working, they took turns in bringing a red-hot cannon-ball set in a bucket of sand, — an anticipatory edition of the modern electric heater, — with which the student could keep warm.

On receiving his Bachelor's degree, Charcot hesitated as to the road he should follow. He had a strong inclination toward painting — but how interesting he also found the veterinary clinic which stood directly across from his father's shop! Weighing all things well, he decided to be a physician. Four years later, in spite of his excessive timidity, he emerged triumphant from the difficult competition of the interneship. Chance sent him to the Salpêtrière, a huge hospital then inhabited by indigent old ladies, where he became interested in nervous diseases and was soon struck by the idea that there might be possible relations between the organic troubles and certain lesions of the nervous centres which the autopsy revealed. He was quick to see the possible value of conducting such investigations in an establishment like the Salpêtrière where observations made during life could be checked by the post-mortem examination. He collected the most complete notes on each patient, and a few years later on, when he had become a hospital physician, he asked for and obtained without difficulty the assignment, then little desired, to the Salpêtrière.

In his miserable laboratory, a little kitchen under the roof of an unused dwelling, Charcot pursued his studies, and, soon realizing the exactness of his expectations, he ventured to formulate that doctrine of nervous localization which, skillfully employed during the Great War, was to save, by means of judicial trepanning, thousands of wounded afflicted with consecutive paralysis due to lesions of the brain. A little later Charcot created a model clinic and an institute to which a throng of students and physicians came pouring from the four corners of the earth.

But of all Charcot's investigations, those which have done most to spread his fame, though actually they constitute the least part of his work, are those that relate to hypnotism. One must be pushed on by an irresistible love of the truth to dare, as he dared, to lift a corner of that veil which covers the domain of the marvelous and to be willing to submit to the vulgar laws of physics those mysterious phenomena which have always been presented to public credulity by sorcerers and charlatans as the manifestations of supernatural power or astral influence. The merit of Charcot in opening this new Pandora's box is not slight. In the Middle Ages this courageous gesture would have marked him out for the stake. In our period of gentler customs it would have exposed him at least to ridicule, perhaps even to attacks from which death would not have delivered him. And yet how greatly these troublesome problems simplify themselves when we realize that in them things simply happen as if in certain conditions one brain were able to read another brain.

To transmit his thought, man habitually employs two means, speech and gesture, using as intermediaries of hearing and of sight two physical agents, sound and light. What is there impossible in the thought that, like the sympathetic vibration of two resonators tuned to the same note, the thought assimilated to some par-

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ticular vibration should be able to pass directly from one brain to another that is physiologically attuned with the first? According to the affinities of the beings brought into one another's presence, the transmission would be more or less definite, more or less complete. In certain cases one of the subjects might mentally be able to impose his will upon the other. The hypothesis may seem daring; but how many other equally adventurous ideas — such as universal attraction, or the existence of two electricities, which are mere tricks of speech used to translate observed facts — science introduces every day to explain new phenomena. In any case, the hypothesis of which I speak, once admitted, throws a sharp light upon a number of things that are apparently full of mystery. It explains the extraordinary influence that certain men exercise upon their kind, — teachers over their students, generals over their troops, orators over their crowds, — although few of the individuals may actually hear them. Thus one comprehends the dominance of hypnotizers who control their fellows, and the founders of religions — men like Peter the Hermit, Mohammed, Bonaparte, and Gambetta. This explains the way in which whirling tables work, or the disturbing exactness of an extralucid sleepwalker consulted by a client with regard to facts known to himself alone. One comprehends also the hesitation and the vagueness of those horoscopes that profess to foretell the future. Autosuggestion seems to be the result of a simple bending back of thought upon itself, like those rays of light that give back to the observer in front of a mirror his own image. In a certain sense telepathy becomes something very like that radiotelephony which only yesterday was a stupefying discovery and which twenty years ago would have been regarded as a miracle. Think of it! Thanks to a doubly inversed transformation at their departure and their arrival, sound-waves are carried to the antipodes on the wings of Hertzian waves, and, traveling through space in all directions and without being stopped by any obstacle, penetrate into the most obscure recesses.

Now nature has given man an ear that is coarse and imperfect, permitting him to grasp only in the rough, and without discrimination as to their origin, a few scant octaves in the infinite scale of the ether's vibrations. Yet here, by his genius, he has constructed a kind of artificial ear in which, by filtering them to his taste, if one may say so, he receives the innumerable harmonies that furrow the atmosphere. No matter where he may be, he can, if he likes, in a few minutes be present, as if in person, at a sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, or else be listening to a concert in the Capitol at Rome, or to a lecture in Zurich.

Telepathy proposes nothing more marvelous than that, and I am ready to submit these reflections to the criticism of psychologists and physiologists. Whatever they may be, Charcot's opinions on these matters, as he himself declared, were imperfect, and even mistaken in some respects. To him remains, nevertheless, the immense merit of having been the first to apply a scientific method to the study of questions previously abandoned to empiricism. If he did not approach them all, it is because beyond a certain point, as Bacon says, nature becomes deaf to our appeals and responds to them no longer.

As I have said, Charcot the man equaled in stature Charcot the scientist. His modesty was extreme; his goodness and generosity no less. His patients and his pupils all adored him. The sight of suffering, even among

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animals, he found intolerable, and that motive alone was enough to turn him aside from experimental physiology — a science which he would nevertheless have liked to cultivate. We see him one day administer a masterful rebuke to a coachman who was abusing his horse. Another time, in his property at Neuilly, he leaves his work precipitately to rush into the garden in pursuit of a duck that is seizing a frog.

His sense of justice made him sought as an arbiter in academic disputes, and his decisive intervention in the controversies relative to Pasteur's studies of anger has not been forgotten. It gained him lasting hatred. On the eve of his election to the Institut there appeared in a great newspaper, under the signature of Ignotus, which then was celebrated, a virulent article directed against him. A few years later, among the numerous requests for consultations at home which came to him from the poor — the only ones that he accepted — he found a pitiful letter from an unfortunate paralytic, begging him to come. He went.

'Master,' said the sick man, 'I don't know how to testify my gratitude for your visit. After thinking everything over, I want to tell you something. I am Baron Platel, the author of that wretched article you know about, which will remain the regret of my entire life. My excuse, if there is any excuse, is that I allowed myself to be forced by my poverty into becoming the instrument for the envy of three of your colleagues. Now that you know me, do you still want to cure me?'

'Of course,' said Charcot; 'but in that case there will be no question of fees.'

Is another example of his disinterestedness necessary?

A highly eclectic spirit, wrongly regarded as a materialist, — he, who included Cardinal Lavigerie among his best friends, — Charcot, knowing the enormous influence of the mind over the body, used the faith of his patients whatever form it took — faith in the doctor; faith in the treatment; faith in medicine, which he urged them to take so far as it helped; confidence even, when other things failed, in supernatural intervention. He used regularly to send his patients to the miracle-working shrine at Lourdes if they were numbered among the faithful, but reputation of curing nothing but neuropaths soon brought the place into disfavor. Charcot was not disturbed. A patient who was beyond doubt afflicted with nervous hemiplegia appeared at the clinic. She believed in miracles. Charcot instantly decided to send her to Lourdes, and in order to win her a more favorable reception he gave her a bulletin with the false statement, 'Hemiplegia of organic origin.' His pupils were stupefied. 'But consider, master,' said one of them, 'with such a certificate you will give your enemies a terrible weapon against you.'

'What does that matter,' he replied, 'so long as the patient gets well? Is n't that the main thing?'

One might multiply touches of this sort, but I have said enough. How fine a soul was concealed beneath the cold and severe mask of Charcot! His life might provide an example among scientific men. Certain of his doctrines may fall into oblivion, but his name will remain in the memory of posterity as that of the father of neurology and the founder of that great school at the Salpêtrière which has done so much to limit the realm of mystery.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

THE 'WHY' OF GRAY HAIR

To a recent number of *T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly* Professor J. Arthur Thomson — who is a kind of self-appointed British pope of popular science, and a very good one too — elucidates the causes that make people's hair turn gray. The subject was dealt with very successfully a number of years ago by Professor Poulton, the Oxford entomologist, in his book, *Animal Colouration*, on which Professor Thomson is evidently basing his own ideas.

The story of the responsible bankers whose hair turned gray in a single week during times of crisis like the World War is probably quite true. Such cases are not uncommon in history. Marie Antoinette's hair, for example, is said to have turned white in a very short time as a result of emotional distress; and similar instances are recorded by a number of mediæval writers.

The sudden change of color is due to the intrusion of little bubbles of gas into the substance of the hair, which reflects the light and prevents the pigment, which is still present, from showing. When hair goes gray more slowly, it is — or so Metchnikoff believed — due to the officious activity of white corpuscles which have got into the bad habit of prowling up into the hair and devouring the pigment. Many fur-bearing animals change color with the weather, and the mechanism involved in these changes appears to be very much like that which affects human hair.

A NEW RAPHAEL?

WHAT the discoverer believes to be the lost original of Raphael's 'Madonna del Popolo' has turned up in the Ural Mountains in a little town known as Nijny Tagil. Throughout the nineteenth century the Madonna was in the possession of the Demidov family, who owned an ironworks at Nijny Tagil, whither it had been carried by a favorite of Tsar Nicholas I, who had been sent into exile there. It disappeared in the confusion attending the revolution, and has now been brought to light by Professor Grabar. The picture is said to be in fairly good condition, and the work of restoration is to begin at once. How surprised the painter would be if he could learn the adventures and misadventures of his work.

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THE INCONSTANT MOON

JULIET knew what she was talking about when she urged Mr. Romeo Montague of Verona to 'swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,' though it has taken astronomical science several centuries to catch up to her. For a long time it has been observed that the moon is frequently ahead of time, and sometimes behind time, in reaching the position assigned her in the heavens by the all-powerful astronomers. And now comes Dr. Innes, Director of the Union Observatory, South Africa, to suggest in the *Astronomische Nachrichten* that the earth is at fault. Our clocks are adjusted to the rate of our own planet's

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rotation, which undergoes a slight alternate diminution and increase. This, Dr. Innes believes, leads to an error, not in the moon, but in our standardized clocks.

The subject was long ago studied by Newcomb, but Dr. Innes has carried out a long series of investigations and points out numerous facts to sustain his view. In solving one problem, however, he raises another which the astronomers will have to tackle. What is causing such large fluctuations in the rate of the earth's rotation? Can this be part of the devilish machinations of the wicked Bolsheviki?

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ANOTHER NEGRO NOVEL

THREE years ago literary Paris was amazed by the news that René Maran, a full-blooded Negro, had carried off the Goncourt Prize with his novel *Batouala*. Disgruntled competitors, and even some critics who must have been disinterested, complained that the prize had been awarded as much upon political as on literary grounds; for it was notorious that France was eager to win the hearts of her black subjects. But others pointed out that M. Maran, whatever his race, was after all a French government official and had had a sound education in the French schools.

Now comes another Negro novelist who has been scarcely touched by the white man's culture, unless we are to include under that broad term service in a Negro regiment on the Western front, which may have been cultural but certainly was not very literary. His name is Afim-Assanga, and he is a Negro from the French Sudan with no education whatever, although he has traveled as a day laborer from African Holland and from Holland to South America. The book appears in a German version published in Regensburg. The Negro writer discusses the possible results that will follow if his race awakes to modern technology, to modern methods of warfare, and demands an equal place with the white man. The book is represented as a human document, but its political views sound as though the human document had had a bit of editing. It is called *The Black Wave*.

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THAT GREEN HAT

THE dramatic endeavors of Mr. Michael Arlen may quite probably be successful in this country, but they are meeting with no unanimous or overwhelming applause in Great Britain. 'This is a dull play, but not so dull as the novel from which it has been adapted,' says St. John Ervine acidly in the *Observer*. But then Mr. Ervine is himself a dramatist, who may be a trifle irritated by the immense commercial success of a fellow practitioner. He finds in the play one merit, which he mentions at the close of his article:

> I ought to add that Mr. Arlen gave an original touch to the play by omitting to mention cocktails in it. One of the characters, the degenerate brother of Iris (somewhat noisily acted by Mr. Eric Maturin), frequently referred to strong drink, but in spite of this no one asked for, or got, a cocktail, a drink which is fit only for women and Americans. I wish to pay a public tribute to Mr. Arlen for this remarkable fact.

James Agate in the *Sunday Times* raises ironical memories of Rosalind and *As You Like It* when he heads his review, 'The Forest of Arlen.' Mr. Agate is not impressed with the moral implications of the play, and goes Mr. Ervine one better by observing: —

> So far from having the moral force of *Ghosts* or *Damaged Goods*, this piece has no significance of any kind.

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ENGLISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA

MR. EDWARD SHANKS, who combines the post of assistant editor of the *London Mercury* with that of dramatic critic for the *Outlook*, describes in a recent article the theatrical invasion of London by American plays. The two most recent, which he discusses, are *Tarnish*, by Guilbert Emery, and *Dancing Mothers*, by Edgar Selwyn and Edmond Goulding, at the Queen's Theatre. Mr. Shanks observes that in addition to these two plays there are two musical comedies running at the moment in London, that two other American plays are meeting with success, and that one of the plays he now discusses has just been preceded by another American play at the same theatre, and with all a Briton's apprehensiveness he inquires 'Why?'

American magazines gain ground here every day [he says], and American short-story writers are forcing their way into our magazines. It seems that the same thing is happening in the theatre. Now there is something to be said for the view that the Americans do these things better than we. In the sphere of commercial entertainment, which is a respectable commodity, a great deal can be done by the judicious and far-seeing use of money. From this argument, of course, I omit such forms of literature as are not primarily commodities: I refer only to those practised for a livelihood, not by reason of an ineluctable vocation. Now into this sphere the prospect of a good and fairly stable livelihood will draw the best and most suitable brains available. That prospect exists in a greater degree in the United States than it does here. The population is greater; therefore the field is wider. Also (what cannot be disputed) the attitude of capital both in the theatre and in literature toward the author is far more enlightened than with us. The American manager and editor intend to have only the best that can be got, but they are ready to pay for it when they get it. Their English colleagues have a tendency to expect not very much, and a preconceived notion that it is not necessary to pay very much for it.

The result is (we will now confine our argument to theatrical matters) that the average American play is a thing much more neatly and competently done than the average English play. It is theatrically more effective in those ways which can be learned by observation and consideration, and also in many of the tricks of mechanical construction.

But it is also a fact that the English public is, in an ever-increasing degree, curious about life in America. The cinematograph, as I believe, first fully revealed to us the existence on the other side of the Atlantic of a social order having so much in common with our own and yet so perplexingly different. Behind this first realization, as I further believe, loomed a consciousness, however obscure, that the two countries are not actually drifting apart into different types of civilization but are destined to come closer together. The tendency of our age is not to divergence, but to coalescence, and the rapid improvement of communications between England and America gives our community of language a weight that in the end, and before long, will have a deciding effect.

SCIENCE IN CHINA

THE editorial pages of *Discovery*, that indispensable English monthly which contrives to make science both popular and scientific, describes the extraordinary field for scientific research which China offers, or will offer as soon as political conditions quiet down enough to permit scientific men to go into the field. Just enough is known of what there is to be discovered to tantalize the scientists. Stories about blue tigers, for example, have been coming out of the interior for many years. Some adventurous souls have even claimed to have seen this mysterious beast, but so far not a specimen has emerged, although native toys representing blue tigers have been brought out of China, which seems to indicate

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that the Chinese honestly believed the beast existed. This is not what one would call a scientific specimen.

There are also giant salamanders, sturgeon, and a small alligator who make their home in the Yangtze. These are extraordinarily interesting, not in themselves, but because their only living relatives occupy the Mississippi basin and a few other parts of the United States. Here is a first-class mystery which an opportunity for research might solve, but while China remains in her present turmoil neither Chinese nor foreign scientists can carry it out.

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WHAT ARE CRITICS GOOD FOR?

In the *London Evening News* Mr. St. John Ervine, the dramatic critic, suggests some limitations on the possibilities of criticism. His ideas are not new. Indignant publishers whose books have a bad press have been furiously pouring them out for centuries, but they deserve attention, if only because they come from a critic who is also a famous dramatist: —

> Are we not taking too much upon ourselves when we set out to form opinions, not only for our contemporaries, but for posterity? If Dr. Johnson had had his way, neither Fielding nor Dean Swift would have been allowed to live.
>
> A person called Greene, who was something of a dramatist in his day, had singularly little use for Shakespeare, and managed to make a number of his friends take sides with him. George Meredith thought that *Pickwick Papers* was a vulgar book which could not possibly survive. To-day Meredith's own novels lie stagnant on the booksellers' shelves, but *Pickwick Papers* continues to be popular. Henry James thought little of Mr. Hardy. I can't read Henry James! . . .
>
> All that the critic can do for you is to tell you as well as he can what he likes and dislikes, and why. That may be a help to you in forming your own opinion, but in the end you'll have to be your own critic. And really that's rather better fun.
>
> Why shirk the adventure of discovering things for yourself? Why let yourself be put off with the fallible opinions of other persons when you are as capable as they are of forming fallible opinions of your own?

✾

THE ANIMAL INVASION

Paris is puzzled because its streets suddenly and mysteriously have been transformed into a very fair imitation of a menagerie. Zizi, the famous leopard which escaped into the Bois de Boulogne, was the first and most ferocious of a long series, but now that he has gone to the happy hunting-grounds a veritable zoölogical invasion has begun. That a swan should turn up was not so very surprising. A fox was not quite so amazing as the leopard. But when that grotesque bird the calao appeared, the services of a zoölogist were required to identify the creature. Presently it was followed by another bird whose species had not at the time of this writing been discovered, and by a garrulu — whatever that may be.

Not only is Paris startled by the appearance of these strange beasts, but everyone is at a loss to understand whence comes this sudden migration. Is there a practical joker at work with large means and a zoölogical imagination? Have the animals brought in on boats escaped by accident? Or, as the *Journal des Débats* inquires: 'Must we see in the exodus evidence of the effervescent condition of our planet — a force driving these creatures from their native soil and forcing them to seek more clement skies elsewhere?'

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Great Pacific War, by Hector Bywater. London: Constable; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company $2.50. 1925.

[*Sunday Times*]

MR. HECTOR C. BYWATER, whose book, *Sea Power in the Pacific*, was perhaps the best of the class to which it belongs that has been published since the appearance of Mahon's monumental work, proves in *The Great Pacific War* that he possesses, in no small measure, the gift of 'scientific imagination.'

[*Outlook*]

IT says much for Mr. Bywater's skill in narrative that, exciting as he makes his naval operations, neither the successes nor blunders he describes put probability to any great strain. The blocking of the Panama Canal is followed by the capture of the Philippines and Gaum by the Japanese. An ill-fated, because ill-conceived, American expedition to Bonin teaches the States a salutary lesson, and thereafter the fortune of war sways against Japan, until at last by an ingenious ruse the Japanese main fleet is decoyed into action and defeated though by no means annihilated. This last great battle, leaving technical details to the expert, must be accepted as a really fine piece of descriptive writing; and read, as it was on this occasion, to the tune of a great thunderstorm, it leaves nothing in the way of excitement and verisimilitude to be desired. Thereafter comes peace, in the conclusion of which the States exhibits a financial forbearance beyond praise but curiously at variance with anything in the nature of precedent that can be discerned in American history.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

DESPITE its severity of style, *The Great Pacific War* is far more interesting than the average novel.

[*Morning Post*]

IN making 1931–33 the period of the struggle Mr. Bywater forgets that the terrible Japanese earthquake has, in the opinion of all competent witnesses, rendered any great military undertaking on the part of the Island Empire impracticable for at least twenty years to come.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE book, as the author points out, has not been written to support the view that such a conflict is either likely or inevitable, but because it remains a contingency that cannot be dismissed as wholly impossible.

Up Hill, Down Dale, by Eden Phillpotts. London: Hutchinson, 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Outlook*]

A STORY beginning 'When Solomon Blight killed his wife a good few people in Daleham took a dislike to him' is pretty sure to be read. All Mr. Phillpotts's short stories are sufficiently readable. He does not attempt in them any large effects. The ambition revealed in his novels is quite laid aside. What he wants to do is to amuse for the time it takes to read him, and when, as very rarely happens, his usually neat invention fails him — in 'Percy,' for example — his picturesque phraseology retains the attention of the reader. In the collection called *Up Hill, Down Dale* all but one of the stories are supposed to be told, in some bar or elsewhere, by the natives of Dartmoor. And you do receive an impression of rustic shrewdness, of slightly malicious cunning, and of a simplicity that may be wisdom and may be imaginativeness. 'She died saying her evening prayers, you see, and she'd been kneeling there quite dead since nine o'clock the night afore and she was as stiff as a board, poor dear. A beautiful end, but very difficult for the undertakers.' But what is the sense of trying to pick out the plums? They are too many; and the rest is good honest pudding.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

MR. PHILLPOTTS has in a peculiar degree the power of engaging our simpler emotions in the interest of his characters; we delight in their adventures and mourn their sorrows, merely because their humanity is so artlessly convincing. The ease and naturalness which Mr. Phillpotts puts into his description of a wooing, a parting, a quarrel, or a reconciliation can scarcely be too highly praised; his complete absence of affectation is evidence of the instinctive understanding and warm sympathy he extends to the men and women he visualizes. And Mr. Phillpotts's humor often has that spontaneous quality which establishes intimacy between the writer and the reader, no matter how unfamiliar the imaginative experience may be.

Nevertheless, in spite of the confidence with which Mr. Phillpotts handles every situation, one

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is forced to regret what is either his inability to strike a deeper note or his determination not to do so. There are times when he chooses for the purpose of comedy an event which by no stretch of imagination can be considered altogether suitable. 'God's Good Beast' tells of a lunatic of gentle manners who escaped from an asylum and murdered a whole family. The subject is not without possibilities; it might even be possible to extract a deep element of tragi-comedy from it. The doom threatening the inhabitants of the farm isolated among the foothills of Dartmoor strikes an unforced note of horror, but Mr. Phillpotts has shirked a conclusion.

Memoirs of Childhood and Youth, by Albert Schweitzer, translated from the German by C. T. Campion. London: Allen & Unwin, 1925. 3*s.* 6*d.*

[*Bookman*]

Of this batch of volumes, the simplest, most attractive, and wisest is the little book in which Dr. Albert Schweitzer has written down his memories of childhood. Dr. Schweitzer is famous in several regions of activity. To some he is a musician, a famous Bach organist, and author of the best Life of that master. To others he is a theologian, author of *The Quest of the Historical Jesus.* To others he is a sociologist, author of *The Philosophy of Civilisation.* To others he is a medical missionary in Africa, author of *On the Edge of the Primeval Forest.* In the present volume he is none of these things, but just a small boy, son of an Alsatian pastor, brought up at first in the village school, and arriving at last at the university. The simple story is very simply told, and will interest a wide circle of readers. But it is of special interest to teachers, who will learn much from the recollected experiences of this apparently ordinary boy who grew into an extraordinary man.

Sixty-Four, Ninety-Four, by R. H. Mottram, London: Chatto and Windus, 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[J. W. Sydenham in the *Empire Review*]

Here in this quietly written war-story by the author of last year's *Hawthornden Prize* we have again the details of trench warfare on the Flanders front, with its sniping and bombing, liquid mud, shell holes, and broken wire. Skene, an officer of the New Armies, and an architect in civil life, joins his battalion at the three-hundred-year-old moated farmhouse which gave the title to the author's first novel, *The Spanish Farm.* He hears sung to the call for sick parade the words: —

> Sixty-four, Ninety-four,
> He'll never go sick no more,
> The poor beggar's dead!

and is given as his first duty the settling of a dispute with the farmer and his daughter Madeleine in connection with the men's sick-quarters. Madeleine appears in the story again later. Skene and the battalion pass up to the line and proceed, as usual, to vary the discomforts of trench life by sporadic attacks which, because of bungling at some headquarters or other, generally mean the loss of half a company or so. Mr. Mottram writes bitterly of the white-moustached old gentlemen who, to prevent the men from getting soft, invented those trench-mortars and trench-raids that only resulted in unnecessary bombardment from the enemy. The story moves to the Somme and open warfare; Skene is twice wounded, and eventually is made a traffic-control officer. The novel has been carefully planned to exhibit various aspects of the war, Mr. Mottram's aim being to let his selected facts speak for themselves rather than to make an exciting story out of them. There is a passing, but intimate, love affair between Skene and Madeleine that is itself characteristic of the period. Not only is it an excellent novel, but it is a valuable contribution to the literature of those war-years of which the new generation knows nothing but what it is told or reads.

BOOKS MENTIONED

Afim-Assanga. *Die schwarze Welle.* Regensburg, Germany: Habbell u. Naumann, 1925.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

Gobineau, Comte de. *Five Oriental Tales.* With a preface by Ernest Boyd. New York: Viking Press, 1925. $2.50.

Hauptmann, Gerhart. *The Island of the Great Mother.* Translated from the German by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press, 1925. $2.50.

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AT ODDS WITH THE EDITOR

BEFORE going a step further, let us make one point perfectly clear. The editorial department assumes no responsibility for any statements appearing on these pages. In this Sorehead's Corner correspondents and author alike may freely give rein to any bursts of indignation, or even praise, that the contents of the magazine may arouse. Nor shall we confine ourselves to the limits encompassed by the *Living Age* — broad as they are. Our aim is to irritate and amuse. Any expressions of liberal opinion will be open to more suspicions than Saklatvala, though they will not necessarily be accorded the same treatment that our courageous Mr. Kellogg has meted out to this undesired alien. Readers who do not like what we have to say — if such there be — can console themselves with the thought that by not reading what appears here they will not be missing very much. Let correspondents remember, then, that, unless we are specifically enjoined to silence, no secrets will be kept, no confidence held inviolate — so do your worst.

* * *

Next to Henry Adams's *Degradation of the Democratic Dogma*, Oswald Spengler's *Untergang des Abendlandes* has the finest title of any book we know. And it far surpasses Adams in conversational, literary, and argumentative fuel. Already the *Living Age* has run three exposés of Herr Spengler, and this week two other countries — Spain and England — are heard from. Ramiro de Maeztu attempts to elucidate some of the theories in this remarkable work, and though we find ourselves in complete disagreement with little Oswald's methods, there is no living critic or philosopher whose views seem to us more thoroughly sound. Our big clash comes over this business of history repeating itself. Spengler believes that civilizations mature just like any living organism, and that a smart lad like himself can determine their ages by opening their mouths and counting their teeth. The application of this system is as delightful as its results are fruitful. It is certainly better to be right for the wrong reason than wrong for the right one. In short, Spengler is a water-tight pragmatist. One need not go any further than this page to perceive that these are decadent times in which only the critic prospers, while the creative writer, if he exists at all, is doomed to failure. Even if half of our present oversupply of colyumists and book-reviewers were thrown into the sea and no bread were returned upon the waters, we should not starve.

* * *

Dean Inge is so very far over on this department's side of the fence, as far as Spengler is concerned, that we are scarcely in the same pasture. He grudgingly admits that civilizations have expired in the buried past of the earth, but he presently launches into an attack on the destructive forces now ravaging the land. Popular education is one of the prime menaces. Yet if the number of half-educated people in England makes the Dean gloomy, what would become of him if he were vouchsafed a view of the eager hordes

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of freshmen — and fresh women — storming the doors of our State universities and demanding that they be made privy to the mysteries of Bookkeeping, Home Economics, Salesmanship, Embalming, and General Literature? Then, too, the fusion of the classes, what with all these chauffeur elopements, is threatening the States with even more immediate ruin than England is facing. If Spengler does n't get you, then Dean Inge must.

Compared, of course, to the works of Lothrop Stoddart, Ph.D., who gets a good bit of free advertising by being mentioned here as well as by our Spanish friend, this *Untergang* book is gospel truth, slow as we benighted Fundamentalists may be to hail it as such. Most of us, alas, find more excitement in reading about prospective naval engagements on the Charles River Basin than in exploring divine philosophy. The usual rôle of these pages will not be to kowtow to a Europe vastly inferior to ourselves in many important respects; but credit must go where it is due, and until the editor of the *Living Age* gives ear to the popular insistence that he head the Third Party movement on a No Beer, No Work platform, we shall continue to defer to Oswald.

* * *

Speaking of naval engagements on the Charles River, Hector C. Bywater is your man. He has left Stoddart and the rest of the harum-scarum school in a cloud of dust by writing a book that describes the forthcoming hostilities between the United States and Japan from soup to nuts. His assurance has aroused a certain amount of quite natural resentment in quaint old Nippon, for the author represents Japan as the aggressor. It does seem that, with all the good history and good fiction there is to read, it is hardly necessary to waste much time over a book that combines the dullness of the one with the romance of the other.

* * *

Had it not been for the masterful diplomacy of the Honorable Charles E. Hughes, the almost equally Honorable Daikichiro Tagawa might never have written his little plea urging America to listen to reason. Of course this talk about our being the only nation extant that is exclusively governed by prejudice and self-interest is pure poppycock. It is also flogging a dead horse to chide us for having ignored divine summons to join the League of Nations. But the good Tagawa has us on two counts, which is more than can be said for some foreign critics. The naïve and logical Oriental who first knew us through our missionaries is vexed to discover that Christian morals have not yet made perceptible inroads upon our business life. Another source of trouble is the Exclusion Clause, for which the State of California is to blame. By making public the slightly truculent note of Hanihara's, instead of hiding it in his whiskers, the late Secretary of State succeeded in making it extremely difficult for any one-hundred-per-cent Nordic Senate to allow a single Japanese immigrant into the sacred precincts of the Golden State without feeling that our National Honor had been insulted. A man who cannot foretell the behavior of Senators is out of place in the diplomatic game anyway.

YANKEE DOOLY

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Is Sinister Science Killing Religion?

JUST what is science doing to religion in our day?

* * *

John Roach Straton refers to Edwin Grant Conklin and others as leaders of an "organized movement for political and religious revolution, which has as its goal the overthrow of the American Constitution, on the one hand, and the final destruction of the temple of the Living God upon the other."

* * *

Dr. Conklin's "Science and the Faith of the Modern" in the November Scribner's Magazine is a fit answer to this impassioned charge.

* * *

"The fundamentalists, rather than the scientists, are helping to make this an irreligious age" he asserts.

* * *

Dr. Conklin is rarely drawn into controversy. His article was written before this latest attack by the Baptist divine. He is not one of the frenzied partisans who rage up and down the land.

* * *

He has other work to do. He is an important biologist. He is an inspiring teacher who draws hundreds to his courses by his personality and authority.

In this article he sums up the change of attitude which the scientific age necessitates. He does not mince words.

* * *

"Belief in an anthropomorphic God, a big man in the skies who made us little men in his own image, established society, ethics, and religion by His commands, and governs the world as a human autocrat, is rapidly yielding place to more idealistic conceptions," he says.

* * *

What these conceptions are, he tells forcefully, logically, concisely.

* * *

Dr. Conklin's spirited article is one of more than twenty features of the November Scribner's Magazine. . . .

* * *

"Lee and the Ladies," unpublished letters of Robert E. Lee during the Civil War and after, human, full of sentiment, appealing.

* * *

"I Went to College" by Jesse Lynch Williams. . . . "Heartbreak Dance" by Mary Alice Barrows. . . . A new story by John W. Thomason Jr. . . . three other unusual stories . . . fine and profuse illustrations . . . published October 24. Watch for it.

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